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THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.—BAGGAGE-TRAIN OF THE FEDERAL ARMY ON A MOUNTAIN ROAD.

THE RISING IN POLAND.

ALTHOUGH the unfortunate attempt of the Poles to liberate themselves must be looked upon more as an outburst of despair than as the result of any carefully planned scheme, it is well known that a rising in Poland had long been contemplated. Letters and explanations on the subject have been exchanged constantly during the last few months between the central revolutionary committee of Warsaw and the editors of the *Kolokol*, in whose journal the communications have been published. The general plan appears to have been that the members of the Polish revolutionary society should rise in Warsaw simultaneously with the peasantry and the Democratic party throughout Russia, and that the Russian troops, when ordered to fire, should refuse. Under these circumstances the Russian empire in its present form would naturally come to an end. The peasants would then be endowed everywhere with the land for which they at present pay rent or perform task-work; and being also endowed with the right of voting, could not fail to re-elect the Emperor, after which the Russian empire would go on much as before, only with autocracy established on a firmer basis than ever. As for the Poles, the "kingdom" would be liberated and given over to them; while the inhabitants of the provinces seized by Russia at the first, second, and third partitions would be invited to make known their patriotic sympathies through the ballot-box of democratic despotism. If universal suffrage declared the birthplace of Kosciusko to be Russian, as it has already declared the birthplace of Garibaldi to be French, then it would remain Russian; in the contrary case, it would be given back to the Poles. This could scarcely be considered an insurrection on behalf of Poland; nor can any people be justified in fighting in the name of national independence if they require a ballot-box to tell them where their nation really is. The Marquis Wielopolski once called Polish democracy "the corruption caused by the festering of the Polish wound," and he was right, in so far as there was no such thing as democracy in Poland when it was in a healthy state, and that the notion of saving Poland by universal suffrage (in a country where serfdom is hardly yet abolished) was first conceived by the Poles in the torments of exile. Probably the Polish revolutionists were willing to make any concession in order to come to terms with the revolutionists of Russia, whom, however, we do not believe to be at all numerous. Without caring to determine that point, we may be sure that this last rising was provoked by the severity and injustice of the conscription, and that but for the conscription it would not have taken place. The guilt rests entirely with the Russians, even though they may not intentionally have caused it—in the hope that, coming before the expected time, it would prove as abortive as it has apparently turned out.

It seems a most unhappy notion, in a political sense—to say nothing of its cruelty—to treat the Poles with the severity that has lately been shown to them in Warsaw. To keep a whole nation in subjection to a foreign Government is bad enough; to make it feel this subjection is tyranny of the very worst kind.

No injustice is done to Russia when it is said that she governs Poland as a conquered country. The Russians of the last reign were proud of having subdued it, and, for the most part, seemed to look upon slavery as the natural lot of a vanquished people. Indeed, in the treasures of the Kremlin, at Moscow, a bunch of flags captured from the insurgent Poles of 1831 by the troops of their Sovereign is displayed as a trophy, with a bunch of Russian flags facing it, and the Polish Constitution on the ground between the two. The whole affair says, as plainly as flags and boxes with portable Constitutions in them can speak, "Judgment in the case of Russia versus Poland, in re the Polish Constitution." For upwards of a quarter of a century Poland has been governed through the formidable citadel erected just outside Warsaw *vice* the said Constitution, captured and forwarded in a cart to Moscow. Count Nesselrode, in a letter to the British Government, argued that the Constitution was nullified by the rising of the Poles against their Sovereign; that they declared themselves independent, and, being afterwards conquered, were placed once more in the position they had occupied before the Constitution was granted to them—that is to say, at Russia's absolute mercy. The Kremlin argument, though somewhat crude, somewhat savage, is much simpler and quite as fair as Count Nesselrode's—"The Poles cannot have their Constitution because we have taken it from them, and locked it up in a box and put it away in the Treasury at Moscow, where we mean to keep it."

Nevertheless, some of the Poles hope to get this Constitution back again. Others seem to care but little about it, and think themselves entitled to a better one—one of wider application, and not confined merely to the present kingdom of Poland. At least, they are of opinion that anything less than a Constitution for all the provinces now in the hands of Russia ought, if accepted at all, to be regarded only as payment in part of a debt ultimately to be acquitted in full. It appears strange that Poles should think of proposing terms and conditions to Russia, but so it is; and, as Russia has tried everything to "pacify" them—except exterminating them on the one hand, and doing justice to them on the other—it is possible that their proposals may some day be listened to and considered, if not directly acted upon. This, however, is not to be hoped for just now. The attack on the Russian soldiers, if we may judge of the future by the past, will be punished with ferocity; and there is no saying to what fresh outbreaks fresh measures of repression may not lead. In the meanwhile, England and France, whose signatures are affixed to the Treaty of Vienna, will, of course, not interfere; though, according to the Constitution which that treaty guarantees to Poland, the recruiting of the Russian army in the territory of the kingdom is quite illegal. But it was only the other day that two Polish gentle-

men were arrested in Paris by the order of the Imperial Government; and Lord John Russell, though he can bully Denmark, cannot think of calling upon Russia to observe in Poland an agreement quite as important as the one which Russia called upon us to observe the other day in Greece.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The Address of the French Senate in reply to the Speech of the Emperor was read by the President on Monday. It is almost a complete echo of the Imperial Speech, approving of everything the Emperor has done or intends to do.

The French Minister for Foreign Affairs has addressed a note to M. Mercier, the representative of France at Washington, to be delivered to the Federal Government, offering the services of the Emperor's Government to "facilitate negotiations between the belligerents," and urging that, if the Washington Cabinet decline foreign mediation, they might at least negotiate directly with the South, without interfering with the progress of events otherwise. Hethen adds:—

If the South consented, representatives of the two parties might meet in a city which could be declared neutral. The grievances which have led to the separation could be examined. The representatives might also consider whether secession is the unavoidable extremity, and whether the recollection of former times and common interests is not more powerful than the causes which have brought the two people under arms.

SPAIN.

The position of the new Spanish Administration does not appear to be very firm. The resignation of General Prim has been accepted, and the gallant General, it is said, intends to place himself at the head of the Progressist party. In order to bring the matter to a conclusion with their opponents the Ministry have resolved to provoke a discussion, which must result in eliciting a vote of confidence from the Congress or the contrary. The Government, we learn by a telegram from Madrid, are going to lay before the Cortes a bill for a general amnesty; and in addition to this wise measure they also intend to secure the independence of members of Parliament by a bill rendering them ineligible to fill public offices.

ITALY.

The separation of the civil and military authorities is now completely carried out at Naples. General La Marmora remains at the head of the troops. Marquis d'Afflitto is Prefect. He is a true Liberal, and enjoyed considerable popularity with the Genoese when Prefect of Genoa. He is a thorough believer in Italian unity, and returns to Naples with enlarged views, after residing in northern Italy, and extending thus the sphere of his experience. The brigand chiefs Orco, Nino, and Caruso have been defeated near Montecchio. They fled into the woods at Castiglione.

SWITZERLAND.

The Council of the States has ratified the treaty concluded between the Federal Council and the French Government for the settlement of the Dappes Valley question, considering that it is in effect a mere rectification of frontier.

PRUSSIA.

The renewed struggle between the Prussian Representative Chamber and the Crown, or rather the Ministry, has fairly commenced. A large majority of the members of the Lower House have agreed to the draught of an Address to the King, which, while professing the utmost respect for his Majesty personally, boldly accuses the Ministry of having violated the Constitution in governing without a budget, in interfering with the liberty of the subject, and in attempting to introduce important changes in the organisation of the army without the concurrence of Parliament. The Address draws a distinction between the acts of the King and of the Ministry, which the latter repudiate, and declare that their acts are to all intents and purposes those of the Sovereign. The most pointed passage in the Address is the following—

Your Majesty was pleased lately to declare that nobody had a right to doubt your gracious will to maintain and protect the sworn Constitution. None, indeed, do dare to entertain such a doubt. But—may your Majesty suffer it to be openly declared—the Constitution has already been violated by the Ministers. Article 99 is no longer a truth (fact or reality). The grievous evil of a Government without a budget has come upon the country; and the new Session has begun without any valid indication on the part of the Government to induce an expectation that the proper regulation of the finances will be restored, and the organisation of the army again be placed upon a legal basis.

The debate on the Address has begun in the Chamber, and is likely to be both a spirited and important one. The Minister-President, Von Bismarck, declared that he should decline to present the Address in its present form, as "there were limits to what a King of Prussia could consent to hear."

POLAND.

A very serious insurrection has broken out in Poland. It began in Warsaw and several places round on the night of the 22nd, when many soldiers were killed; and it burst out immediately after in various places, principally along the Vistula, at greater or less distances from the capital city. The accounts which we receive are principally from St. Petersburg, and these represent the affair in the most serious light. In the collisions which have taken place the Russian soldiers have had heavy loss, including that of several officers; but the Russian accounts represent the loss of the insurgents to have been much greater. The *Journal de St. Petersburg* describes the movement as a long-prepared general rising, for which the present levying of the conscription in Poland was made an opportunity. Some of the insurgent bands appear to have formed a junction on the right bank of the Vistula. Flying columns are being everywhere sent to encounter the insurgents in the disaffected districts, and the whole of Russian Poland is proclaimed in a state of siege.

Though the telegrams from Warsaw announce that tranquillity has been restored in that city, the rebellion still rages in other districts, more especially at Plock, where a great deal of fighting was going on. There had also been fighting at Siedlitz and Suruz and Koziebone, and at the latter the military were compelled to retreat. If a report which has been received be true, that the Grand Duke Constantine has demanded a reinforcement of 50,000 men, the rebellion must be of much greater magnitude than even the Russian accounts are willing to admit.

The Paris papers publish a Warsaw telegram of the 25th inst. stated to proceed from a Russian source. It states that the great landed proprietors and the peasants abstain from joining in the insurrection, and that it is the lower middle class, the working men, and the small proprietors who are in the movement. And this, it adds, is the real character of the insurrection.

The Emperor of Russia addressed the officers during parade in St. Petersburg on Sunday, in a speech which is described as having displayed much emotion. He referred to the outbreak in Poland, which he declared to be not the work of the whole nation, but merely that of a revolutionary party. He knew that that party reckoned upon finding traitors in the Russian army, but declared he had full faith in the devotedness of his soldiers. The speech is described as having been received with applause.

According to private letters from Warsaw, the Russian authorities displayed "more than their usual brutality" in the recent levy of recruits. During the nights of the 15th and 16th some thousands of men were dragged from their homes and beds and sent under escort to the citadel. The different quarters of the city were completely surrounded by soldiers, and every one who appeared in the streets was arrested. In several cases fathers were seized because their sons were absent, and men of forty and upwards have already been placed in the ranks. "Never before has there been such weeping and wailing in Warsaw; never before has the Russian yoke been so heavily felt." The poor wretches were taken from their homes in the dead of the night, and handcuffed and severely beaten if they offered resistance to the recruiting gangs. On the 15th the hurry, bustle, and confusion were so great at Warsaw "that the recruits in the

citadel got nothing to eat on that day." In the afternoon of the 16th the Grand Duke Constantine drove through the streets of Warsaw, but he took no notice whatever of the weeping women and children whom he saw standing at the doors of the different houses.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

The relations between Russia and Turkey are far from satisfactory. In a despatch which, according to the *Paris Presse*, the Turkish Ambassador at Vienna has just presented to Count Rechberg, relative to the arms sent to Serbia, the Porte accuses Russia of complicity in that matter, and of inciting Serbia to attack the Turkish frontier. A similar despatch has also, it is said, been sent to the English Government.

SWEDEN.

On the 14th inst. the Government presented to the four orders a project for a reform of the national representation. The following is a summary of the bill:—The two Chambers shall have equal power and authority. The first shall be elected for nine years, in the country places by the provincial assemblies of the kingdom, and in the towns by the municipal authorities who do not belong to the said assemblies. The members of the Upper Chamber are not to receive any salary. The Second Chamber will be chosen for three years. The elections for the towns and the rural districts will take place separately. Each district shall have one deputy, or, if it contains more than 40,000 inhabitants, two. The towns shall elect a deputy for every 10,000 inhabitants; those places of which the population is inferior to that number shall be formed into electoral circles, in such a manner that each deputy represents not less than 6000 inhabitants and not more than 12,000. The State Ministers shall have the right of taking part in the discussions in the Chambers, but are not to have a right to vote.

DENMARK.

In a note addressed by the Danish Minister for Foreign Affairs to the Ambassador in London, and dated Jan. 5, the announcement is formally made that henceforth Holstein will be accounted as one of the Germanic States, and that the Danish King, in his quality as Duke of that province, will not only be prepared, as heretofore, to fulfil his federal obligations, but will admit the authority of the Diet to regulate the internal affairs of the State.

But, whilst the Danish Government have been content to admit the claims of the Germanic Diet in respect to Holstein, they have imposed, as the condition of such recognition, that the authority of the Crown in Schleswig should be undisputed.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

GENERAL NEWS.

The news from New York, to the 14th inst., is generally favourable to the Southern cause. The attack on Vicksburg by the Federals had entirely failed, and they had re-embarked and proceeded down the Yazoo River for the purpose, it was said, of attacking some other point. The Confederates, however, were preparing for their reception, and had erected batteries commanding the river communication between Memphis and Vicksburg. The latest accounts, however, represent that the Federal forces returned to their transports in no condition to renew the attack. The Federal loss exceeds 5000. Among the officers slain are Generals Morgan and Smith. 1500 Federals, under General Hovey, sent to execute a special order, are supposed to have been captured. The forces of General Banks and Commander Farragut, which took no part in the attack on Vicksburg, were to make a joint effort to capture Port Hudson; and a rumour was current in New York that they had done so and been repulsed.

According to Jefferson Davis, Port Hudson and Vicksburg are the most important points to be defended, his impression being that if they are held the North-Western States would disavow themselves from the Federal cause. This declaration was made by him in a speech to the State Legislature of Mississippi, in the course of which he spoke confidently of the success of the South, but deprecated any leaning on hopes of foreign intervention.

The Confederates had attacked Springfield, in Missouri, and, according to one account, had captured it, with a large amount of arms and ammunition; but, according to another, the Confederates had been repulsed, and were retreating.

The Confederates have gained a great success in Texas, where they have captured Galveston and obtained a great victory over the much-dreaded Federal gun-boats. Five Confederate steamers, armed only with rifles and protected by cotton-bales, boldly attacked the Federal flotilla, captured the Harriet Lane, and so roughly handled the other gun-boats that two of them were glad to escape, while the Federals blew up their flag-ship so hastily that Commodore Kenschaw perished in the explosion. No more fighting had occurred at Murfreesboro', which was entirely deserted, the Federal army having advanced ten miles beyond that place.

The Governor of Kentucky had recommended the Legislature to reject President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, which, he says, inflicts upon Kentucky a direct blow, fires the South into a mass of inexhaustible hate, and destroys all hope of restoring the Union. A resolution had been introduced in the New Jersey Legislature proposing an armistice, and a convention for discussing the terms of an amicable settlement between North and South.

The *Richmond Whig* states that the Federal officers captured at Murfreesboro' will be confined until General Butler be given up to the Confederate Government.

Mr. Spaulding had explained the financial situation of the Government. He said that the Government needed immediately 150,000,000 dols. All the gold and silver in the banks of the loyal States was 87,000,000 dols. Bonds could not be sold because there was no redundancy of currency. 1,117,000,000 dols. were required, in addition to the receipts from the customs and taxes, to carry on the Government until July, 1864. It is necessary to borrow in some form 1,900,000 dols. every day. Sundays included, between this time and the 1st of next July. The public debt in July, 1864, is estimated at 2,000,000,000. A bill had been introduced in the House of Representatives for the enlistment of 150,000 negro troops. The resolution to lay the bill upon the table was defeated by 83 to 53. A bill had also been introduced appropriating money to assist Maryland and Western Virginia in adopting emancipation.

The Confederates were said to have executed ten Federal officers in Arkansas, in retaliation for the acts of General McNeil.

General Hunter had been appointed to the command of the department of the south.

The State capitol at Baton Rouge had been burned, with all its contents. This was supposed to be the work of Confederate incendiaries.

The armies of the Potomac were still inactive. It is again positively asserted that General Burnside has finally resigned the command of the army of the Potomac, and that he is succeeded by General Hooker.

The Committee of Ways and Means have reported a bill authorising Secretary Chase to issue 900 millions of United States' bonds for the support of the Government. In the Senate, Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware, denounced President Lincoln's whole policy. He urged the declaration of an armistice, and the calling of a convention.

President Davis's Message was delivered on the 14th. He says, though peace will be hailed with joy by the Confederacy, it can only be accepted with the recognition of her independence. He thinks Europe unjust in concurring in the abolition of privateering, which prevents the Confederates from disposing of their captures. The neutrality of Europe he construes into a decision against the South. He considers that the emancipation proclamation encourages the slaves to assassinate their masters, and thinks that Mr. Lincoln may well leave the judgment of such an act to the instincts of humanity. He pronounces the progress of the war thus far satisfactory.

THE CARGO OF THE 'GEORGE GRISWOLD'.—The George Griswold sailed from New York on the 10th inst. with a cargo for the distressed operatives of Lancashire, consisting of 13,236 lbs. of flour, 315 boxes of bread, 50 lbs. of corn, 167 bags of corn, 125 lbs. of bread, 50 lbs. of beer, 10 boxes of bacon, 3 trolleys of rice, and 2 bags of rice. From the Produce Exchange—1500 lbs. of flour, 500 lbs. of corn, and 50 lbs. of pork. The above is in addition, we believe, to upwards of 100,000 dollars in cash. Should not the ship be welcomed in a becoming manner on arriving at Liverpool?

IRELAND.

AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.—Dr. M'Hale, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam, in a letter to Lord Palmerston, states that the distress is no longer confined to the less favoured districts along the coasts and mountains; it has reached all the middle classes of society—nay, it is ascending fast to the highest. There is now "a melancholy rivalry as to the relative depths of the present destitution, more forcibly showing the utterly prostrate condition of the Irish people." It would be repeating a too familiar tale to select any number of cases exhibiting the utter want of food, raiment, and bed-covering in the present desperate state of Irish destitution, without bounds in its extent save the shores of our island. "It is therefore high time," says the Archbishop to the Premier, "for the advisers of the Crown to take counsel to rescue Ireland from ruin by providing for the safety of its people; and of that people there is no portion that requires their solicitude more than the landed proprietors themselves." Dr. M'Hale condemns the theory of the climate who throw the blame of bad harvests on the moisture of the climate. The climate was always moist since the island was green. The people suffer, not because the climate is soft but because the Government is hard. Let the farmers get leases and the elective franchise, and Ireland will be once more the granary of Europe, marshes will be drained by the brawny arms of industrious men, and landlords will be prosperous and happy, instead of being swallowed up in the vortex of destitution.—A meeting of the county of Limerick was held on Saturday last for the purpose of petitioning Parliament for the immediate amendment of the law regarding drainage, with a view of relieving the severe distress which may be anticipated during the ensuing season. The Right Hon. Mr. Monsell addressed the meeting, and maintained that the country was retrogressing instead of advancing in prosperity—that her farmers and peasantry were almost steeped in poverty—that her agricultural produce had fallen off at the rate of millions of quarters of cereal produce—that her live stock was declining in quantity, and that even her money in the funds had declined in amount. Resolutions in accordance with the object of the meeting were passed.

THE PROVINCES.

AN INCORRIGIBLE CRIMINAL.—Lewis Francis was brought up on Saturday last at Portsmouth, charged with a murderous assault on George Deane, a convict warder. His history is instructive. In 1854, having previously been imprisoned for minor offences, he again committed a crime, was convicted, and sentenced to four years' penal servitude. He was sent to Dartmoor to serve this term, and there assaulted a warder, and inflicted such injuries upon him that his life was in danger. For this attack he was tried at Exeter, in March, 1857, and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. He was sent to Bermuda to undergo this punishment, and there he murderously assaulted another warder. For this offence he was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude, and sent back to this country to serve out his time. He was employed in the Portsmouth Dockyard, and a short time ago attacked Deane, and very nearly killed him. He is for this committed to take his trial at Winchester Assizes.

COTTON-GROWING IN INDIA.—The Manchester Chamber of Commerce held its annual meeting on Monday, the principal subject of reference in the speeches of the members being the growth of cotton in India. The chairman, Mr. Henry Ainsworth, strongly censured the Indian administration of Sir Charles Wood, and insisted that a new tenure for land and a contract law were necessary to restore India to a state of prosperity. Mr. Bazley was of the same opinion. Cotton, he believed, could be well and profitably grown in India, and the consuming public of this country ought to be placed in immediate contact with the producing ryot of Hindostan. Mr. Hugh Mason derided the construction of the Indian Council and the abilities of its members, and amidst applause and shouts of "No, no!" he insisted that Mr. John Bright was the fittest man in the House of Commons to work out the great question of the prosperity of India. Mr. Pender thought that the labours of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce had been rewarded with considerable success, and he urged the Chamber to keep up the pressure on the Government. Mr. Cheetham was not sanguine of the progress of India. There never was a time, he said, when the cotton of India was so deteriorated as at the present. The change made in the Government of that country was, he declared, "altogether a sham and a delusion."

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE IN A COURT OF JUSTICE.—The Rev. Ralph Watson, Curate of Croxall, was summoned before the magistrates at Repton, Derbyshire, to show cause why he should not contribute to the support of the illegitimate child of Catharine Hatchitt, a single woman, also of Croxall, of which he was the putative father. The evidence was of the most contradictory nature, and resulted in the Bench making an order of 2s. a week upon the rev. gentleman. Mr. Argle, agent for the defendant, had just served notice of appeal upon Hatchitt, the complainant, and was addressing the Bench, when the Rev. Mr. Watson, who sat next to him, sprang to his feet and uttered a most unseemly yell. He stamped his feet, and cried, "Bring me pistols, bring me pistols, lads; I am ruined, I am ruined!" Snatching up a large bottle of ink, he threw it at the heads of the reporters, and a jug of water he aimed at the magistrates; whilst the magisterial table was upset. All this time the greatest confusion ensued, the rev. gentleman being held by five or six policemen. He cried out, "I am ruined"—"they are demons"—"the magistrates and their clerks are against me"—"oh dear, oh dear!"—"I have not had a fair trial"—"they have sworn falsely!" This continued for a few minutes, when the wretched man fell senseless on the floor. On rallying he was removed from the room, and at the top of the stairs attempted to throw himself to the bottom, but was prevented. Later in the evening he was served with a bill of costs of the trial, and again he became very excited, his reason having evidently, for a time, forsook him. He remained the whole of Saturday evening at the Mitre Inn, Repton, Inspector Rossell, of the county constabulary, watching him.

MARRIAGES IN INDIA.—A bill has been introduced in the Legislative Council of India to legalise all marriages of Christians in India contracted since 1851 in the presence of persons not in holy orders, and to prevent all doubts as to the legality of Dissenters' and native Christians' marriages for the future, caused by the decision of the House of Lords that the English common law applies to Indian marriages. As native Christians in thousands are scattered over parts of India under pastors of their own race, far from clergymen and marriage registrars, persons are to be appointed for this class to register in a simple form, before witnesses, the consent of a couple to become man and wife. Being Christians, they are to be subject to the Christian law of affinity and consanguinity, and polygamy is not permitted.

ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS AT EARLSWOOD.—One of the most useful of our charitable institutions is the Asylum for Idiots at Earlswood. What is done there in the way of reviving the flickering light of reason can only be understood by those who have visited the asylum. On Monday the annual New-Year's festivities took place. There was a distribution of prizes to successful pupils in the schools, a dinner to the inmates, and subsequently a series of amateur dramatic performances. All passed off in a most satisfactory manner.

THE APPROACHING MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—We understand that the Knights of the Order of the Garter will attend the marriage ceremony of the Prince of Wales in full robes, and take their seats in their respective stalls in St. George's Chapel. The chapel will be covered with a carpet, which will contain appropriate Royal devices. The order to the manufacturer was for a thousand yards, and it is just completed. A temporary gallery will be erected in front of the organ gallery to accommodate the members of her Majesty's private band, to whose strength will be added about 200 vocal and instrumental performers. The Berkshire Rifle Volunteers, numbering about 900, will have the honour of doing duty as a guard of honour at Windsor on the occasion of the marriage. The plans and other arrangements for the procession from the castle to the chapel are nearly settled, and the services in the Royal Chapel will be discontinued after the 25th, when the workmen will immediately commence operations. Should arrangements be made for the procession to pass through the Royal borough, either in going to or returning from the chapel, it would afford a most gratifying sight to the thousands of loyal subjects who will visit Windsor upon this occasion, and otherwise would not find a chance of witnessing the procession.—*Court Journal.* In most of the principal towns and cities in the kingdom preparations are being made for celebrating the marriage of the Prince of Wales with due rejoicings and festivities.

THE DUKE D'AUMALE AND THE FRENCH POLICE.—The Duke d'Aumale has for some time past been engaged upon a history of the Condé branch of his family; and the necessary declarations were made by the printer and publishers in Paris; the proof-sheets passed and repassed through the French post-office, and no objection to the work was made till a few days ago, when the police seized the whole of the sheets and declared that the work should not be allowed to appear. The commissary of police subsequently offered to give up the sheets, but intimated that he should seize the impression the moment the book appeared. The reason assigned for this procedure is that, at the sale of the pictures belonging to Prince Demidoff (husband of Princess Mathilde), the Duke d'Aumale's agent bought the "Stratonice," a chef-d'œuvre of Ingres, for 94,000*fr.*, the competition for which had been very keen. The picture had formerly belonged to the Duchess of Orleans, and when the Duke's name was mentioned as the purchaser there was much applause in the room. The publisher of the work mentioned, the Duke's agent, and those charged with seeing it through the press, are not disposed to let the matter drop; but purpose carrying it before the tribunals, in order to ascertain whether the police prefect can employ his agents to give force of law to a simple Ministerial circular, extra-legal, if not directly illegal. There is not in the whole code a single clause which prevents a Frenchman, even though he be a Prince and in exile, from publishing in his native country a work which is purely historical. It is one of the few rights which the law that banished the Duke d'Aumale has left him.

THE LATE PACHA OF EGYPT.—Said Pacha has left but one child, a boy of about ten years of age. It is believed that he is sufficiently provided for out of the property assigned to him by his father, and that this property is secured against any claims that may possibly be brought against the Viceroy's private estate on account of the engagements he assumed towards the Suez Canal Company. These engagements, it is possible, may not be recognised as constituting a debt of the public treasury.

THE ALABAMA.

As this Confederate cruiser has now attained a world-wide celebrity for the dash and daring with which her commander has pounced upon Federal American merchant ships and baffled the efforts of the ships of the Union navy sent in pursuit of her, the accompanying Engraving of the ship, with a few particulars respecting her construction and history, will not be uninteresting.

The Alabama, which was designed and constructed by Messrs. Laird, of Birkenhead, is of about 1100 tons burden, old measurement; and her engines, also made by Messrs. Laird, are of 300-horse power nominal, but capable of working up to 1200-horse power indicated. Both ship and engines are equal, as regards strength, workmanship, and materials, to the best in the Royal Navy. She has fine lines, combined with large stowage for coals and good accommodation for crew, and, if occasion should require, for passengers also. As her performances have proved, she is a very fast boat, having, while on her trial-trip, while under steam alone and fully loaded, steamed thirteen knots an hour; and ships which have fallen in with her report that under steam and sail the Alabama has attained to even a considerably higher rate of speed than the above; even under canvas alone she appears to have outstripped every vessel that has come into competition with her. Up to the time of her leaving the Mersey the ship was known as the "290," the number she bore on Messrs. Laird's books, her proper name not then having been fixed. As was to be expected, the Americans are highly indignant with the Alabama, her commander, her builders, and the British Government for permitting her to leave our shores, and with all on board; and not a little intemperance of language has been indulged in by the New York newspapers on these points. We will not attempt to discuss the question whether or not Great Britain committed a breach of neutrality in allowing this ship to sail from a British port further than to remark—1st, That the British Government had no means of certainly knowing for what purpose the ship was designed, or for whom she was built; and, 2nd, That, even supposing this was known, it scarcely becomes the Federalists to complain of the matter, seeing that they themselves have largely purchased materials of war in this country and shipped from our ports, and if such supplies are to be stopped on one side, they must be stopped on both, impartially to each being merely fair play; at all events, it is the course followed in similar circumstances by the Americans themselves, who drove a roaring trade in ships and munitions of war with our enemies during both our wars with France at the beginning of the present century and in the recent contest with Russia. It is not a little curious, however, to find the Americans, who were in the habit of boasting that they could "lick the Britishers" in shipbuilding, as well as in everything else, admitting that, for once at least, they have been beaten. The *New York Herald* of Jan. 1 closes a long article on the subject of the Alabama—liberally sprinkled, of course, with abuse of England—by declaring that "There is not in the United States to be purchased for love or money a steamer possessing the speed to catch the Alabama, and, at the same time, the strength to fight her." The Americans seem, also, to be becoming alive to the fact that their own Navy department must be in fault for the Confederate steamer being still at large, for, in a recent number of an American paper we find the following paragraph:—

Fifteen months ago we entreated the Government to build a few fast war-vessels, for the distinctly-specified purpose of catching pirates; and we call attention to the undoubted principles and facts of steam-ship performance, to prove that such vessels could be constructed at a moderate cost, and without any risk of failure. Since that time the rebels have not only procured the "290," but have inflicted with their one ship, in the short period of a few weeks, more damage upon our commerce and disgrace upon our Government than our whole navy has done to them since the capture of New Orleans. While high officials have denied not only the feasibility of attaining high speed, but the importance of employing it, the "290" has achieved one of the most brilliant successes on record, solely and exclusively by reason of her high speed. And all the immense and costly navy created by our Government, with the full knowledge of modern steam-ship improvement, not one of the vessels of the Department's own design will exceed ten knots at sea, and, according to present evidence, not more than one of their purchased vessels will catch the "290."

Some time ago a statement, purporting to have been supplied by one of the original crew of the Alabama, appeared in the *Edinburgh Scotsman* regarding this ship, which is alleged to be erroneous in several particulars. In the statement referred to it is alleged "that the '290' neglected to return to Birkenhead, and steamed directly for the island in the Atlantic where she was to take in her guns, ammunition, &c." The facts are stated on the authority of one of her late officers to be as follow:—"On the 29th of July last the '290,' with a party of ladies and gentlemen on board, left her anchorage at 8.30 a.m., and spent the day, till 3 p.m., in cruising about the bay of Liverpool, when the passengers were put on board the tender, and the vessel proceeded to Moelfra Bay, close to where the Royal Charter was lost, where she anchored at 8 p.m. The next day was spent in securing everything for sea. A tug arrived at 5 p.m. with a lot of men to complete the crew, and from that time till 2.30 a.m. of Thursday (July 31) was occupied in shipping the crew, &c. As soon as this was completed the '290' steamed off, at the rate of fourteen knots an hour, round the north coast of Ireland, arriving at her destination, Porto Praya Bay, Island of Terceira, on Sunday, Aug. 10, making a run of ten days, not eight, as the *Scotsman* has it. The commander of the '290' was Captain Matthew J. Butler, R.N.R., who was the only person who appeared in any of the ship's business to others than the builders. Again, it is said the '290' had a set of English papers and other presumptive proofs of her neutrality, in the face of which it might have been difficult for her captor to have acted. So far is this from being a fact that the '290' had no papers whatever, having left without the formality of clearing at the customs."

At a port in the Island of Terceira the arming of the Alabama was completed, and she was then handed over to the command of Captain Semmes, who assumed the control of her motions in virtue of a commission from the Confederate Government, and has since shown that his ship and himself are capable of giving not a little trouble to the Northern people and Government. The last accounts of the ship report that she has gone to try her luck among the Yankee merchants in the eastern seas.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH ON ENGLISH LIBERTY AND ENTERPRISE.—On Sunday the Emperor of the French in person delivered the rewards to the French exhibitors in the London Exhibition. In the course of his speech the Emperor, after congratulating the medalists in the manner in which they had sustained the honour of France in the Exhibition, remarked as follows:—"Behold, then, realised at last that formidable invasion of the British soil so long predicted! You have crossed the Channel; you have boldly established yourselves in the capital of England; you have courageously wrestled with the veterans of industry. This campaign has not been without its glory, and to-day I come to award recompense to the brave. This species of war, which has no victims, has more than one merit. It excites a noble emulation, leads to those commercial treaties which bring nations closer to each other, and dissipates international prejudices without weakening the love of country. Out of these material exchanges arises a still more precious exchange—that of ideas. If strangers may envy us many useful things, we have also much to learn from them. You must, in fact, have been struck in England by the unrestricted liberty allowed to the manifestation of all opinions as well as to the development of all interests. You have observed the perfect order maintained in the midst of lively discussions and of the dangers of competition. It is because English liberty always respects the principal bases upon which society and power rest. From this very fact it does not destroy, it improves; it carries in its hand not an incendiary torch, but one that sheds light around; and, in private undertakings, individual energy, displaying itself with indefatigable zeal, relieves the Government from becoming the sole promoter of the vital strength of a nation. Thus, instead of organising everything, it leaves to each the responsibility of his own acts. It is on these conditions that England enjoys that wonderful activity, that absolute independence which she possesses. France will also achieve it when we shall have consolidated the indispensable bases for the establishment of perfect liberty. Let us, then, strain all our energies to imitate such profitable examples, imbibe incessantly sound political and commercial doctrines, unite in one same idea of conservation, and stimulate among individuals an energetic spontaneous action for all that is beautiful and useful."

A MEMORIAL, signed by several of the most eminent mercantile firms in the City, has been presented to the Commissioners of Works and Public Buildings requesting that means may be taken for establishing public cricket-grounds for the convenience of residents in the eastern districts of the metropolis.

THE FRENCH IN COCHIN-CHINA.

IMMEDIATELY after the conclusion of the treaty between the Envoys of the Annamite Emperor Tu Duc and the French Vice-Admiral Bonard, the latter proceeded to examine the country known as Cambodia, or Cambogia, which lies on each side of the River Cambodia, or Menam Kong, or Mekon, for it is called by all three names. This river is said to have its rise in Tibet, whence, under the name of Lan-Tsan-Kiang, it flows S.E. across the Chinese province of Yunnan; then, under the name of Kiou-Long, traverses still in a S.E. direction the territory of Laos, and finally, as the Mekon, holds its course, intersecting Cambodia and separating the portion belonging to Annam from that conquered by Siam, and falls into the China Sea by two main streams known as the Japanese and Oubequeme rivers, and numerous smaller branches.

The object of the Vice-Admiral's journey was to assure himself that the provinces which had recently submitted to French government were in a state of subjection, and at the same time to obtain some information of the general condition of the country. It will be remembered that we some time ago gave a description of the ceremonies with which the treaty was concluded, and that the Envoys had declined to take part in any festivity until the new era was completely established. Our Engraving represents one of the fêtes which may be said to have inaugurated the admission of French supremacy in Annam, since they were given by order of the Emperor Tu Duc himself, and occurred at Vin-Long during the journey of the Vice-Admiral to the Upper Cambodia. The fête itself concluded with a dance, in which the performers enacted a sort of spectacle, and were accompanied by native musicians who played upon reed pipes, bamboo instruments similar to that which once had a place in the museum of the old India House, and on jingling bells set in a circular frame. A crowd of girls, dressed in rich silk robes and carrying flags and banners, served as the corps de ballet to the principal danseuses—the Annamite Bayaderes. The latter, who were remarkably handsome and graceful in their movements, advanced to the middle of the saloon and commenced a series of evolutions which would have called forth the plaudits even of a Parisian audience.

They were richly dressed in bright silk of various colours, and wore on their heads a sort of casque, ornamented with gold and precious stones. Their fingers were furnished with a sort of golden thimbles, terminating in a claw, which gave their hands a remarkably birdlike appearance, but the use of which it was difficult to discover.

The whole scene was a singular combination of that barbarism and Oriental splendour which are so frequently the peculiarity of public displays amongst the Annamites.

AFRICA AS A PENAL SETTLEMENT.—"Before leaving," writes Captain Burton to the *Times*, "and for long leaving I hope, this delectable land, allow me once more to raise my voice in favour of my adopted home—Africa. The question has frequently been put to me, 'What would be the probable future of a penal settlement on the Cameroonian Mountains, in the Bight of Biafra, Gulf of Guinea, West Africa?' I reply that such establishment would work out the general rule of convict settlements—general from America to Australia—and that in the season its convicts would yield place to colonists. We, who believe in the future of Africa, ever look forward to the *experimentum crucis* being tried upon her. Were England or any other land a mass of moss and morass, were her houses clay and thatch huts, her food raw game and poor herbs, and her garments the hides of beasts, England would be deleterious to civilised emigrants. Doubtless many a Roman voltigeur has in confabulation with his comrades characterised Great Britain as the 'legionary's grave.' So this year of grace 1863 sees West Africa obtain in books the same ominous name. But we, who believe in the future of the dark continent and of every other continent, who hold the might of Nature to feebleness in front of the force of man, desire with due humility to try the humble experiment whether bush-clearing and swamp-drainage, house-building and comfort-creating, will not render one quarter of the globe equal in point of salubrity to the other three quarters of the globe."

A CLOUD OF LOCUSTS.—A letter from Gandiole (Senegal) states that an immense cloud of locusts passed over that place on the evening of Dec. 21. So great was their number that, as the cloud approached, the sky was quite darkened, and every one at first thought a thunderstorm was coming on. The whirring noise of their wings, however, soon made every one aware of what it really was, and preparations were hastily made to prevent them from alighting on the crops, but with only partial success, for millions of them fell apparently from fatigue, and five minutes afterwards scarcely any trace of vegetation remained on the spots they covered. These locusts also committed great ravages near St. Louis. It is supposed they came from the upper valley of the Senegal, whence they were driven by the grass in the meadows having been set on fire.

HOW TO RENDER MUSLIN UNINFLAMMABLE.—In the course of the recent inquest on Miss Burchell, whose death from burning is mentioned in another column, Dr. Lankester remarked that it was greatly to be desired that ladies would require their laundresses to render muslin dresses unflamable by the use of one of those chemical preparations which would render them so, without injuring their appearance, and at a cost so trifling that it was scarcely to be taken into account. A number of letters had been addressed to him on this subject. On that day he had received several; and one of his correspondents had been good enough to forward him specimens of muslin which had been rendered incombustible, and of two preparations, either of which would make it so. One of these was sulphate of ammonia, and the other tungstate of soda. Both were soluble; and the latter could be purchased at a shilling a pound. A juror asked how much per dress would the use of one of these preparations cost. Dr. Garrod said a fraction of a farthing. They could be dissolved in warm water, and the dress might be put into the liquid; or, perhaps, a more convenient mode of using them was to mix them with the starch. Dr. Lankester exhibited several of the specimens of muslin that had been forwarded to him; and showed by experiment that they would not blaze when applied to a lamp, while specimens of the same material which had not been subjected to the chemical process burned like ordinary paper. He hoped this subject would not be lost sight of. It was one in which every man, as a husband, a father, or a brother, was interested.—A correspondent says that mixing common salt with the starch by which muslin dresses are stiffened will render them unflamable, and at the same time preserve the colours.

THE FRENCH IN MEXICO.

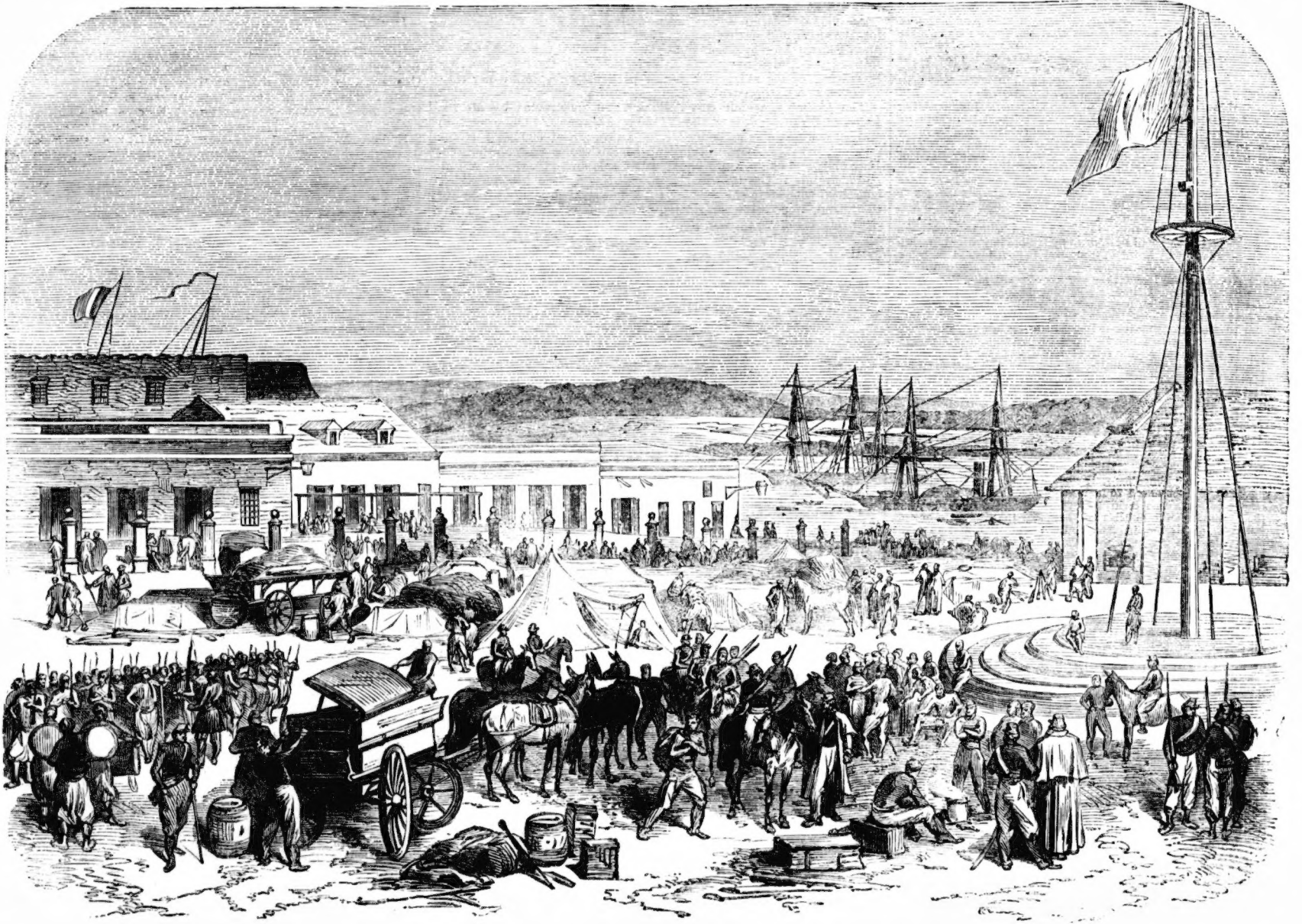
We last week gave some particulars of the operations of the French troops in the taking of Jalapa, and subsequently in the occupation of Tampico. Our Engravings this week represent both events, and the latest intelligence, by means of a telegraphic despatch from Vice-Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, at Vera Cruz, seems to confirm the reports which had previously been accepted.

This intelligence announces the departure, on the 15th, of the Massena for Toulon, and asserts that good news had been received from the army, which continued its onward march and still found supplies upon the plains. 1200 mules and 250 waggons had arrived from New York and 450 from Santiago de Cuba.

In the *Moniteur* an abstract of a despatch from General Forey, dated Orizaba, Dec. 9, and addressed to the Minister of War, states that on Nov. 23 the 3rd Zouaves and a squadron of the Chasseurs d'Afrique took possession of the port of Alverado. From this point the expeditionary column was next directed upon Jalapa, the command of all the troops concentrated at this important position being confided to General Bazaine. Particulars are also given of the successful result which had attended the expedition against Tampico. General Douay, who left Orizaba on Dec. 1, had occupied Palmar and San Andres. The object of all these operations was identical; it was to prepare the way for the onward march upon Puebla. The reinforcements which had arrived at Vera Cruz had been rapidly marched onwards to Orizaba, so that in a very short time no French troops would be remaining in the hot and unhealthy districts save such as were absolutely necessary to guard the line of operations, General Forey, learning that some of the mules expected from New York and from Cuba had already arrived, expressed his opinion that if relays of these were promptly forwarded his advance upon Puebla would take place at an earlier date than he expected. The sanitary state of the army is represented as being very satisfactory, and a dépôt for convalescents had been established at Jalapa.

It would thus appear that there was no foundation for the report which had been raised in Paris of the taking of Puebla; and, indeed, against the French successes must be placed some news of proceedings on the other side, which led to the Emperor exhibiting some coldness to the Peruvian Minister at the reception of the 1st of January.

It would appear that considerable agitation prevails in South America touching the Mexican expedition, and that, although those republics are more or less divided among themselves, the idea of a confederation of the Hispano-American Republics is still almost

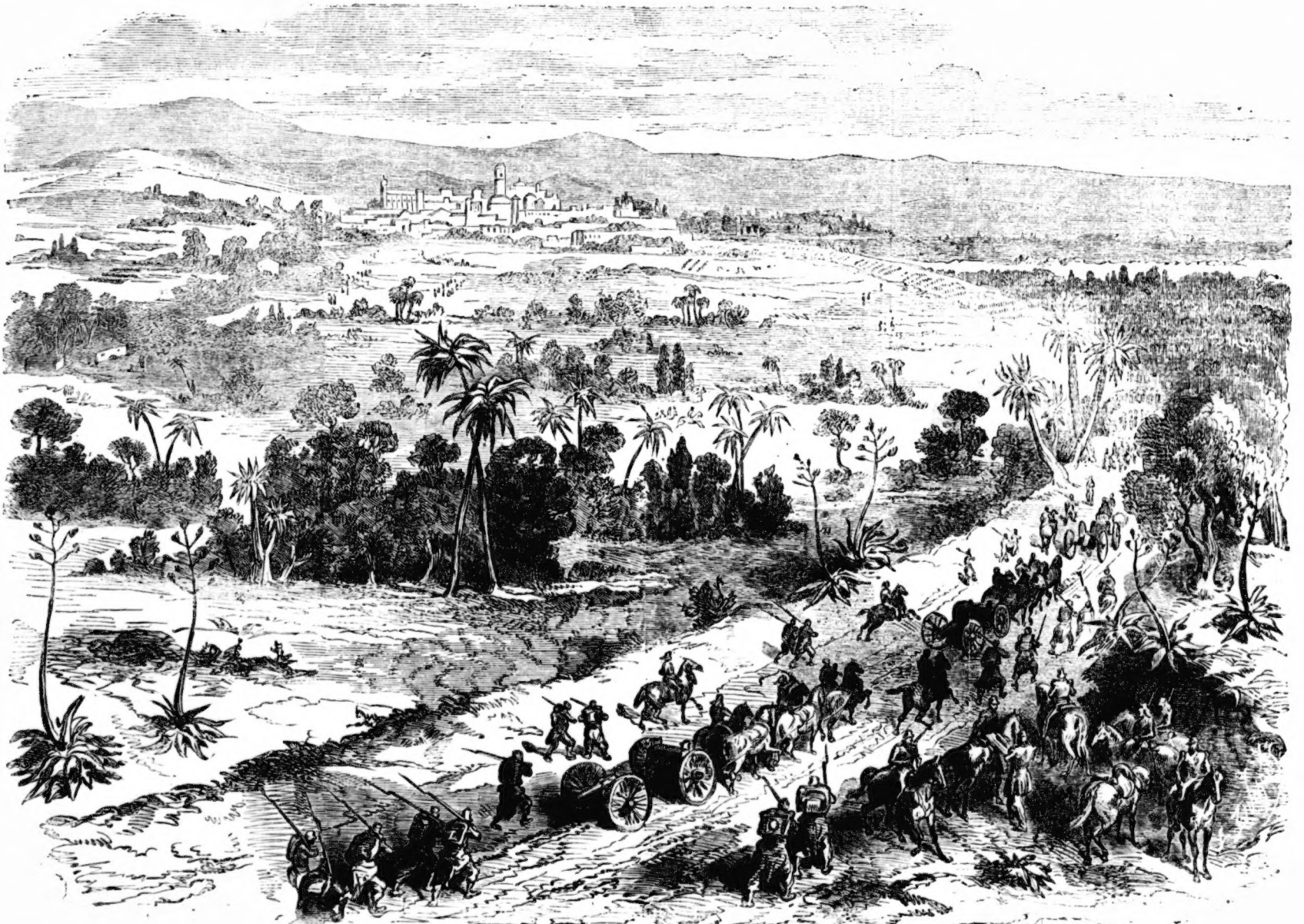


THE FRENCH INVASION OF MEXICO.—ENCAMPMENT OF FRENCH TROOPS AT TAMPICO.

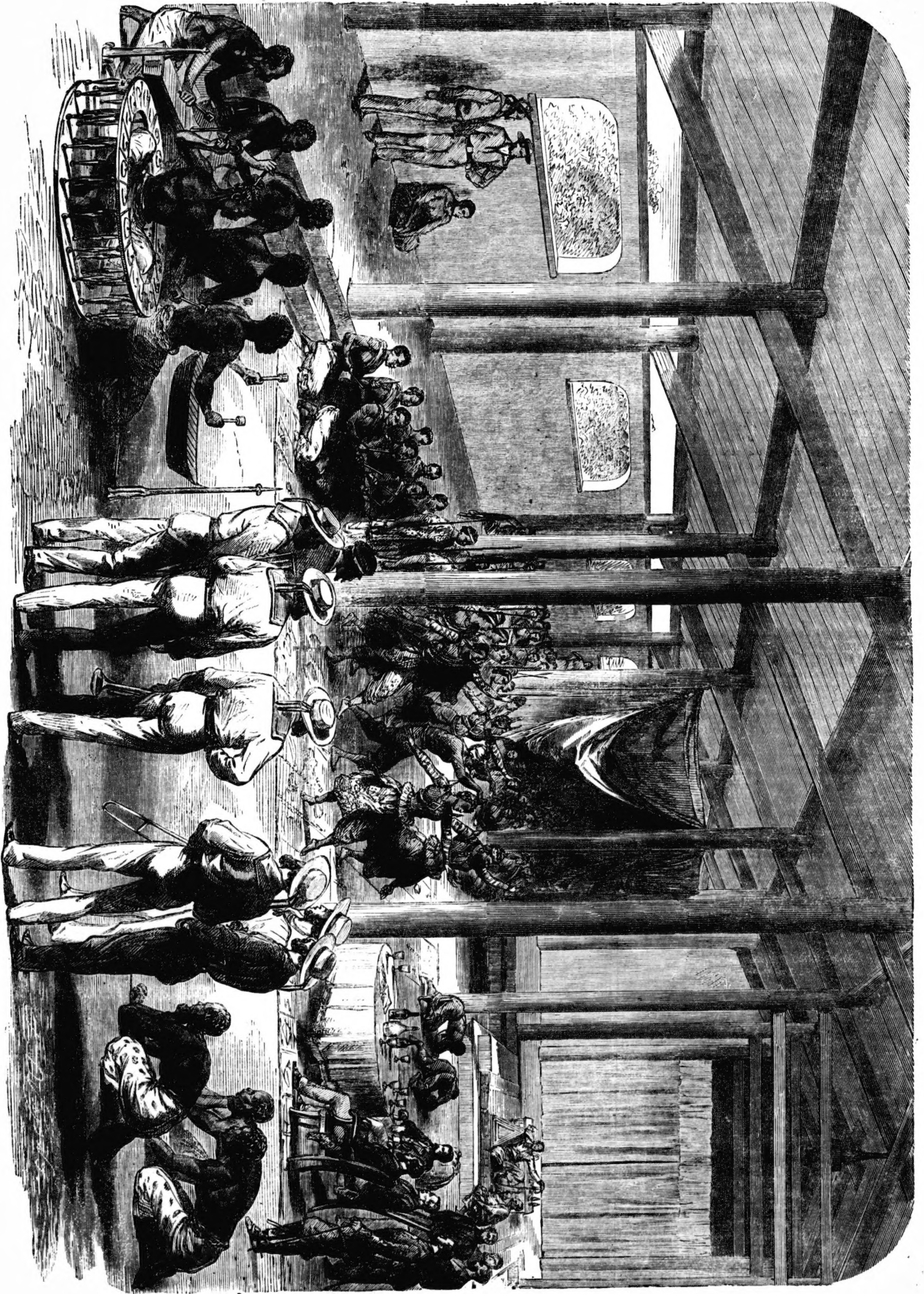
universal. The war in Mexico is therefore a subject of uneasiness for this ideal confederation, of which Mexico is supposed to form part. Clubs have been founded in several parts. Juarez has placed himself in direct relations with the President of the Peruvian Republic. M. Corpancho, one of the most influential

men of Peru, has been sent to Mexico charged with a mission said to be favourable to Juarez; and numerous citizens of Peru, Chili, and New Grenada have enlisted in the Mexican army. On the 29th of July, 1862, the anniversary of the battle of Ayacucho, which established the independence of Peru, demonstrations were made in favour

of Mexico; and since then all the theatres have been giving representations for the benefit of the Mexicans. It is also stated that a subscription was raised for the purpose of offering a sword to the President of the Mexican Republic, and that about £800 was collected in a few days.



FRENCH TROOPS UNDER GENERAL DE BERTHIER, ON THE ROAD TO JALAPA.



IMPERIAL FEET AT VIN-LONG, COCHIN-CHINA.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1863.

MODERN MARTYRDOM.

THERE occur, only too frequently, instances of errors and foibles, social and political, living on for a time in obstinate persistence against reason, ridicule, and experience. The paper duty, for instance, fell at length more from the innate weakness of the principle upon which it was founded than from the direct attacks of its opponents, who had, when it was at length removed, almost given up their efforts in sheer weariness. The tax upon fire insurance still remains, as we are inclined to believe, only because it is so obviously impolitic and irrational that few can be found willing to encounter the ridicule which would be fixed upon the utterance of the stale truisms which would be sufficient to prove its iniquity.

It is thus also with the subject of our present article. The theme of modern female costume, in relation to the terrible fatalities with which it is now so commonly attended, has become so hackneyed, that the journalist recoils from it upon the ordinary occasion of a single martyrdom. It is only when a crowd of victims swell a few days' record of the sad results of feminine folly, that our public writers can be driven to approach a topic so stale and so threadbare. It is one upon which little can be said that is novel, and perhaps even less that can be pleasant.

Nevertheless, it appears to us that all the diatribes we have yet seen upon the present hideous distension of female apparel are, to a certain extent, wrongly directed. It may be for this reason that they have been hitherto futile. The common sense, the æsthetic perceptions—one might almost add, in some respect, the delicacy itself—of womankind has been appealed to in vain in this matter. The peril of a death, one of the most fearful ever invented by the torturers of barbarous ages, is weighed as nothing against the demands of an idle fashion, ludicrous and ugly as it may be. Fashion, did we say? It appears almost a libel upon that capricious divinity to blame her for the invention and continuance of a style of dress which is aped in some sort by the lowest scullery-maids; by the dragged girls of ten who carry babies along the kennels; by wretched paupers, and the still more wretched inmates of our gaols. The most miserable "Marchioness" of the most poverty-stricken of households exhibits herself, when on her way for a farthing candle or half an ounce of tea, with her scanty, ragged scrap of a frock distended with some paltry cheap kind of a hoop. Even our children of infantine years are forced to become objects of pity and derision as they walk in the parks, covered as to their nether extremities by the thinnest of trousseau, the heap of clothes originally designed for warmth and decent covering being converted into a horizontal blossom-like ornament for the waist.

Coroners inveigh in sad, indignant wonderment at this development of modern social life. It is not only that they are called upon from time to time to exercise their solemn office over a charred and blackened heap, once a blooming maiden or a happy and beloved matron, that these officials continually descend upon and lament the evils of crinoline; but it is that an amount of infanticide hitherto unprecedented marks the continuance of this unnatural disguise.

Various means have been suggested, not of abolishing the nuisance, but of rendering it at least tolerable. Men will submit to be prevented, save at great personal inconvenience, from accompanying their female friends to the promenade or the theatre. They will suffer themselves to be excluded by enormous hoops from exhibition-halls, containing scarcely half the number they were built to accommodate. But their natures must shudder at the terrible probability of a female martyrdom within their own drawing-rooms, or at being compelled to assist at the spectacle of young and beautiful girls burned alive upon a public stage, in the presence of hundreds of horrified spectators powerless to avert the catastrophe.

It is to the men, therefore, that we would appeal to guard against, if they cannot abolish, this insensate evil. It may be of some benefit to insist, as far as can be done, upon the use of compounds to render fireproof the lighter materials of the dresses of wives and daughters; to take rigid precautions by the general adoption of fireguards; to prohibit crinoline and

similar contrivances in the kitchen; and to encourage, as far as possible, the wearing of dresses of incombustible fabrics—as silk and woollen. It may be that mankind may shrink from the exercise of a justifiable authority in a matter trenching, like this, upon a province supposed to be peculiarly that of woman. But there are duties of humanity which might fairly be held paramount even to the highest deference to the female sex, and if such may be imagined we can scarcely conceive of any more exigent than that of preventing women from sacrificing themselves to a death of fearful torture for the mere gratification of an unreasoning passing whim of the day.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE QUEEN has contributed £300, and the Prince of Wales £250, for the relief of the distress prevalent in Coventry and Warwickshire.

THE PRINCE OF WALES has agreed to inaugurate the memorial of the Exhibition of 1851 on the 5th of June next.

PRINCE ALFRED, having passed his examination for seamanship on board the St. George, has received an acting order as Lieutenant, which, however, will not be confirmed till his Royal Highness passes at the Naval College at Portsmouth.

THE EARL OF DERBY AND MR. DISRAELI have issued cards for Parliamentary dinners on Tuesday next, Feb. 3.

THE HON. G. E. MILNES MONCKTON, eldest son of Viscount Galway, was severely injured by his horse while hunting with his father's hounds last week.

PROFESSOR AYTOUN, it is rumoured, intends to resign the chair of rhetoric and belles lettres in the University of Edinburgh, on account of ill health.

A GREAT FALL has taken place in Paris in the price of shares in the Suez Canal.

THE PRINCESS CLOTILDA, report says, is again in an interesting situation.

THE SKELETON OF A CROCODILE has, it is rumoured, been discovered in the old red sandstone in the neighbourhood of Elgin.

GOOD NEWS OF GARIBALDI continue to be received from Caprera. He himself writes to Baron Vincenzo Favara, "I am better, both as regards my wound and my rheumatism. Recovery is certain now."

WHEN THE PRINCESS OF HESSE met with a carriage accident recently, in the Isle of Wight, she was assisted by Mr. Groves, a medical student. He has since been presented with a gold pin and studs.

ALBERTO MARIO, the husband of Jessie Meriton White, a Garibaldian officer and a Mazzinian, has been returned a deputy of Modica, in Sicily, by 189 out of 250 votes.

THE LYTCHAM LIGHTHOUSE, on the Lancashire coast, was blown down during the late gales.

A SUTTEE took place recently at Jodhpore, on the death of a jagheeradar. Prompt measures were adopted for seizure and punishment of the abettors of the crime.

THE TOTAL COSTS of the late prosecution of the forgers on the Bank of England will, it is said, amount to £12,000.

OBOK, IN THE RED SEA, a point near to the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, has, it is asserted, been taken possession of by the French.

THE MEMBERS OF THE UNITED SERVICE CLUB are about to entertain Rear-Admiral Sir James Hope, K.C.B., at a dinner, in honour of his career while Commander-in-Chief in China.

THE EARL OF DALHOUSIE (better known as Lord Panmure) is, it is said, about to be created Marquis of Panmure, in acknowledgment of his services while Secretary of State for War.

AN OX WAS SLAUGHTERED IN THE ISLE OF PURBECK last week which stood upwards of six feet high, and weighed 240lb. avoidupois.

MRS. SHERIDAN KNOWLES, formerly Miss Elphinstone, and now the widow of the late celebrated dramatist, is likely to receive a pension for life, on the recommendation of Lord Palmerston.

A GENUINE MURATIST CONSPIRACY has been detected at Naples, and the persons and papers of the most prominent persons concerned seized.

A NEPHEW OF ABD-EL-KADER, married to a Christian wife, is about to be baptised in Paris, and intends to proceed to the Sahara as a missionary.

A PORTION OF THE SHAKESPEARE CLIFF at Dover slipped into the sea last week.

ADDRESSES ARE IN COURSE OF SIGNATURE by the clergy and laity of the diocese of Canterbury, one to the Archbishop and Convocation, and the other to the Archbishop individually, praying that Dr. Colenso's book be condemned, and the belief of the Church vindicated.

THE REMAINS OF AN ANCIENT SHIP are visible at low water in the River Hamble, near the village of Swanwick, and are supposed to be those of "one of a Danish fleet which history records was wrecked at that spot in King Alfred's time."

THE ENTIRE VALLEY OF VAUCLUSE has been inundated by the overflow of the River Sorgue. On the road to Apt-above-I-le the flood covers a surface of more than two miles in length.

DURING THE CONFUSION attendant on a sudden attack by the Confederates at Murfreesboro' several Federal officers threw away their swords. General Rosecranz ordered them to be furnished with muskets and put in the ranks—a just punishment for their cowardly action.

A NUMBER OF GENTLEMEN have formed themselves into a committee for the purpose of promoting the foundation of a Female Medical College in London. They have issued an appeal to the public for encouragement and support.

ON THE 1ST INST. a severe discipline and a less generous diet were introduced into the convict prison at Portland. The convicts are dissatisfied, and a disturbance is anticipated. The utmost vigilance is observed to prevent any combined plan of action amongst the criminals.

TWO KEEPERS were shooting rabbits at Ashwarby, near Sleaford, when a charge fired by one of them struck the roof of a tree, and one pellet, glancing off at an obtuse angle, entered the eye of the under-keeper, penetrated the brain, and killed him on the spot.

THE LAW OF COPYRIGHT has been invoked for a singular piece of artistic taste in Liverpool. A sculptor of that borough had made a model of Tom Sayers, which was copied by a waxwork proprietor, and sold by him. The infringement was proved, and the magistrates inflicted a fine of £20 and costs upon the defendant.

THE GERMAN FEDERAL DIET has rejected the Austrian proposal for the establishment of a Chamber of Delegates, to be elected from the Legislative Chambers of the different States of Germany, and co-operate with the Diet in the elaboration of a uniform civil and criminal code, and in some other unimportant matters.

ON MONDAY MORNING the fiftieth annual meeting of the subscribers to the London Orphan Asylum was held at the London Tavern. The report, which evidences the prosperity of the charity, was unanimously adopted. The committee have decided on celebrating their jubilee by electing one hundred children during the year.

THE INQUEST ON CHARLES CHAMPION, who was killed in a stableyard in Nine Elms-lane, as mentioned in our last Number, has resulted in a verdict "That the deceased died from mortal injuries, but by whom inflicted there was no evidence to show."

A MAN appeared in a state of intoxication in the Bankruptcy Court, Dublin, the other day, and, as an excuse, pleaded that "a man is made of clay, and unless he wets it well it won't stick together." The Court, though amused by the reply, committed the bankrupt to prison for contempt.

THE DIRECTORS OF THE LONDON, CHATHAM, AND DOVER RAILWAY have passed and circulated among their employés the following resolution:—"That, with respect to questions of public politics or contested elections, the board holds itself entirely neutral, and repudiates any interference with the action of its servants on these subjects."

MR. STEUART, M.P. for Cambridge, has issued his valedictory address. It is expected that the writ will be issued by the Speaker immediately on the assembling of Parliament, and that the election will take place within a week thereof. The candidates for the vacancy are Col. Adair (Liberal) and Mr. F. S. Powell (Conservative).

A MAN WAS KILLED in the Caledonian-road, on Saturday last, from the breaking of the iron girders intended to support the roof of an icehouse now being constructed in that quarter. The roof fell in, crushed the deceased so severely that he died in a short time, and severely injured several other workmen.

THE BRITISH SHIP WILLIAM, of 800 tons, and commanded by Captain Hutton, was wrecked off Cape Morgan, on the Cape of Good Hope coast, on Nov. 22, when the captain and twenty of the crew perished, the only survivors being two boys.

THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY has passed a resolution offering to transport over its road, free of charge, all donations of food which may be deposited at any of its stations, destined for the relief of the suffering operatives of England, and addressed to the International Relief Association of New York.

THOMAS BUSWELL AND WILLIAM HARVEY, servants in the employ of Mr. Favill, farmer, at Ashby Folville, Leicestershire, were left at home while the rest of the family went to church, on Sunday last, when Buswell shot Harvey dead while writing a letter to a young girl to whom both were paying their addresses. The assassin has been arrested.

TWO YOUNG WOMEN were suffocated at Musselburgh, near Edinburgh on Saturday night, by an escape of gas in their bedroom.

THE PORTUGUESE CHAMBERS have voted the abolition of passports.

A FRESH REDUCTION OF 12,000 MEN, the Vienna journals state, is about to be made in the Austrian army.

FATHER PASSAGLIA has been returned by the little borough of Montecchio, in the province of Reggio, in the Emilia, to the Italian Chamber of Deputies.

THE DUCHESS OF GENOA, the sister of the King of Italy, has arrived at Naples, and will reside in great state at the palace.

THE DUKE OF COBOURG, according to the *Morning Post*, is no longer one of the candidates for the crown of Greece. We believe, however, that within a few days a Prince of high lineage, and of the Protestant faith, will be suggested to the Greeks as a fitting person to fill their vacant throne.

A RUSSIAN VESSEL has just arrived at Rouen, from Odessa, with a cargo of wool; and it is a singular fact that the greater part of her ballast consists of French cannon-balls brought from Sebastopol to France to be sold as old iron.

THE PRUSSIAN HOUSE OF LORDS has appointed a Committee to deliberate on the regulations of the fisheries, among the members of which have been appropriately and facetiously selected—Messrs. Herring, Flotz, and Sander, and Prince Salm—herring, bleak, pike-perch, salmon.

A WORKMAN was on Saturday last engaged in cutting up a large piece of slate with a circular saw, when the slate slipped from his grasp, and he fell forward upon the saw, which completely cut off his right shoulder and arm.

THOMAS MAY, a beerhouse-keeper and an habitual drunkard, committed suicide last week by hanging himself in an outhouse. His wife was aware of the fact for some time before it was discovered by others, but did not mention it, as she stated, "because of the notoriety it would make in the parish."

THE MEMBERS OF THE GREEK ASSEMBLY have refused to admit M. Stathopoulos, ex-derinark of Kythnos, to a seat in their body, in consequence of his having allowed the bodies of three young officers, who took up the cause of revolt in that island, after the affair at Nauplia, and who were killed by the troops of King Otho, to be exposed upon the seashore, because, as he said, they were unworthy of Christian burial, after "polluting the island with their rebellious blood."

WM. ROUPPELL, late M.P. for Lambeth, still remains at the Model Prison, Pentonville, and is employed with the other prisoners in picking oakum, which he does with the same indifference as characterised his conduct whilst in Newgate. No steps have yet been taken by the heir-at-law to dispossess those who hold the property under the forged deeds received from the convict, but negotiations have been going on between the solicitors of both parties for some time.

THE LATE PACHA OF EGYPT having agreed to lend a regiment of trained negroes to the French Government, to do service in garrisoning Vera Cruz and other unhealthy places on the Mexican coast, much animadversion has taken place on the transaction, the explanation of the Emperor's Government being, not that he had bought negroes from the Pacha, but that he borrowed a corps suitable, by constitution and habit, to occupy positions usually deleterious to Europeans.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

I HAVE said nothing in this column about the creation of new Peers, the rumour of which, having been started in London, ran through the provincial press like fire in fuzee. I did not believe the rumour; I could not authoritatively contradict it, and so I was silent. The *Globe*, however, positively denies that there is any intention of adding to the roll of the Peers at present. We are not, then, to lose the advantage of the peculiar oratory of Sir Charles Wood in the House of Commons; we are still to have those ingenious puzzles of his, those speeches, which are such Gordian knots that the members have no resource but to cut them, which most members, except early diners, do; and they, when they see Sir Charles upon his legs and hear the dull monotony of his well-known voice, get themselves into an easy position and glide away into the land of dreams. I know one man, and only one, who could boast that he had listened to an Indian speech of Sir Charles throughout; but it was an exhausting labour, and he declared that he would never undergo it again. Sir Charles, I have no doubt, might have a peerage any day if he chose to ask for it; but I do not believe that he will take one yet. He is sixty-two years old, and at that age not a few men begin to feel labour irksome and to wish for rest; but Sir Charles is an exception to the rule. I have known him for at least twenty years, and he seems to be as capable of work as ever. I met him only the other day swinging along to his office at a pace which would have taken the wind out of many a man younger than he by a score years. But, then, he carries no weight. He is as thin as a lath, and as lithe as an osier; he might be tied in a knot without damage to his frame. And he has been so used to work for thirty years, and is so fond of it, that I believe he would die without it. And what a lot of offices this gentleman has held! He was Secretary to the Treasury for two years, Secretary to the Admiralty for four years, Chancellor of the Exchequer for six, President of the Board of Control for two, First Lord of the Admiralty for three, and, lastly, has been Secretary of State for India for over three. So, altogether, he has been in office above twenty years; and, as he was told by a Committee of the House of Commons, has held more offices than any living man. Give up the House of Commons and Downing-street! Not he; unless Fortune should throw him off by a shift of her wheel, or Death—which may the powers forfend at present!—should issue his inexorable summons.

There is, I think, more likelihood that Mr. Wentworth Beaumont, whose name was on the list, should be exalted to the peerage. Not, however, that he has done anything remarkable to earn the distinction, except it be that he has been a very constant supporter of Whig Governments; but he is very rich, has huge landed estates in the North which do double duty—growing corn and fattening cattle on the surface, and yielding untold metallic treasures from beneath. There is, however, an objection at present to taking supporters of the Government out of the House; and so, no doubt, the suggested creation of Peers will not be carried out. "Doubt," however, report says, is to be taken care of; or, in unemphatical words, Earl Dalhousie is to be made Marquis of Panmure, "for his great and distinguished services to the State." This is Fox Maule, long known in the House of Commons for his loud tones and not very smooth temper, afterwards Lord Panmure, Secretary for War. He succeeded to the earldom of Dalhousie, but not to the marquise, on the death of his cousin, the late Governor-General of India.

We are very prone to count our chickens and dispose of them before they are hatched. Gossiping politicians have been busy distributing Gladstone's surplus; but it now appears to be doubtful whether there will be much to distribute. The *Economist*, a good authority, though not always correct in its vaticination, says that there will be no surplus; but, on the contrary, a deficit of a million or more. There will, however, I think, certainly be a reduction of expenditure. In the Admiralty there is to be a saving of about £1,040,000; in the Army the reduction is to be over £1,000,000.

Reports are flying abroad to the effect that soon after Parliamentary assembles an attempt will be made to rally the Conservative forces, and, if opportunity offer, to storm the citadel of office. I hold, however, to the opinion which I have more than once expressed—to wit, that the Conservative chiefs have not resolved to make any movement to disturb the Government. Some of the papers, I see, make much of what they call the urgency of the summons which Disraeli has issued to his supporters; but there is really nothing in the summons more than common. It has been noticed, however, that the Whig summons is this year dated from Broadlands, and not from the Treasury. But this, though novel, portends nothing. We shall have some lively skirmishing, I have no doubt, and perhaps the leader of the Opposition may occasionally push the contest to the very verge of success; but he will not succeed; nor is it the wish of the bulk of his party that he should succeed. The young expectants of office are noisy and impatient for place. The cherry has been so long bobbing at their lips, and yet has always eluded their mouths, that it is natural they should get angry, and should urgently press their leaders on; but, somehow, there is to them a strange unwillingness in the ranks to move forward. The noblemen and country gentlemen will not have it. Only a few days ago a noble Duke, a staunch Conservative, as he parted with a member of Parliament after a talk upon politics, took him by the hand, and said earnestly, "Well, whatever you do, mind you don't turn out Palmerston." And this is the prevailing feeling; and so the young expectants must chew the cud of their disappointment, and act the unpleasant part of Tantalus in classic fable a little longer.

I prophesied last week that Mr. Kinglake's History of the Invasion of the Crimea would soon evoke no little excitement. Well, this prophecy is already fulfilled. The book has not been out a week, and already everybody is talking about it. Some praise it; some shake their heads and express their opinion that the author has been very imprudent; whilst others unsparingly condemn and deny many of his statements. So early as Saturday last the *Reader*, the new organ of the Maurice, Hughes, and Ludlow school, confidently predicted a reaction against the book. In the eyes of the *Reader* Mr. Kinglake has committed a grave offence in not handling the scandal of the Faubourg St. Germain in a more delicate manner. It also charges him with being inspired by an animus against Napoleon, in seeking to brand the Emperor with cowardice at Solferino, and complains that the writer "has compromised Lady Raglan by mixing up such foreign matters as he has used with the exceedingly valuable materials, official and other, entrusted to him by her." And so, you see, we shall have a very pretty quarrel about this book. Well, Mr. Kinglake has shown that he has both courage and skill to meet all comers. Meanwhile, I may say I cannot see how Lady Raglan can be compromised. She gave the papers into the hands of Mr. Kinglake without conditions. It is not alleged that he has misused them. It is not out of them that Mr. Kinglake draws arguments against Louis Napoleon. How, then, can her Ladyship be compromised?

It will be remembered that Mr. Kinglake's book was originally announced to be published by Mr. Murray, and people surprised to find it ushered into the world with the imprint of Wm. Blackwood and Sons, speculated as to the cause of disagreement between Mr. Kinglake and the bibliophile of Albemarle-street. No disagreement has, however, arisen. Mr. Murray is still interested in the copyright of "The History of the Invasion of the Crimea," but hesitated to put his name to a book which, it is thought, will be certain to raise up a host of enemies.

A few years ago—it seems to me but very few—Mr. Reed, whom the Duke of Somerset during the past week has promoted to a proud position, was a youth at school. Afterwards he worked in the engineering department of Portsmouth Dockyard. Subsequently we find him editing the *Mechanics Magazine*; after which, I think, he was for a time on the *Engineer*. A few months ago he was sent for by the Admiralty to superintend the construction of some iron ships which he had planned; and now he is promoted to the high office of "Chief Constructor of the Royal Navy." And the appointment is a good one, and reflects great credit upon the First Lord. It is not too much to say that we have lost millions by allowing incompetent men—and by incompetent, I mean uneducated men—to potter with our ships. But here is a man who has not only the genius to design, but the practical skill as draughtsman and workman to carry out his designs; and can also in good English describe and defend his work.

A statement, originating in the *Manchester Guardian* and copied thence into various journals, to the effect that Mr. Frith, R.A., had been requested and had undertaken to paint a picture of the approaching marriage of the Prince of Wales is correct so far only as its first portion is concerned. The Royal desire has, indeed, been signified to Mr. Frith, but up to the present time he has been unable to give a definite reply to the request. Artists in Mr. Frith's position generally have their work for a year or two in advance carefully considered and mapped out, and the three phases of London society which Mr. Frith has already undertaken to execute claim in honour his first consideration. Whether Mr. Gambart will consent to their being postponed is another matter. This is the second time that Mr. Frith has received a special Royal commission, as he was compelled to decline painting the ceremony of the Princess Royal's marriage, being then hard at work on his "Derby Day." The marriage was, it will be recollected, painted by Mr. J. Phillip, R.A.

The upper portion of that pleasant Bohemian world, that *camaraderie* of artists, authors, actors, and men about town (*quorum pars magna fuit*) must have wondered what had become of that very genial entrepreneur, Mr. E. T. Smith. It was known that, without any loss to himself, he had transferred that white elephantine property, Drury Lane Theatre, to the active Mr. Falconer; it was known, too, that he had Cremorne Gardens, a pleasant place, but not available for the winter; and then, while one was wondering whether, like Alexander, he was weeping because there were no more theatres to manage, he suddenly appears with the announcement of his new enterprise—a dog-show. Ashburnham Hall, King's-road, Chelsea, is the locale offering every usual accommodation, and some special advantages, such as an inclosed exercise-ground. Very liberal prizes are offered, and under Mr. Smith's management there is no reason why the thing should not be a success. The week commencing March 23 is the period named.

You may probably have seen men of the animated sandwich profession parading the streets, inclosed in parodies of Mr. Fechter's announcement-bills of "The Duke's Motto." The difference consists in the colour of the bills being pink instead of green, in the device being a fool's cap instead of a helmet, and in the motto being "Here we are," instead of "I am here." All this is heralding a new burlesque on the Lyceum play, and if the piece be only as painfully funny as its announcements, how very much amused we all shall be! A far better notion of the St. James's management is a dramatic rendering of "Lady Audley's Secret," now in rehearsal, with Mr. Beverley to paint the principal scene. Can you not picture to yourself Miss Herbert playing Lady Audley? With her face, figure, and, above all, her golden hair, she will look the part to perfection.

Have you heard the rhyming skit on Bishop Colenso's book? It is not bad:—

A Bishop there was of Natal,
Who had a Zulu for a pal;
Said the native, "Look here!
Ain't this Pentateuch queer?"
Which converted my Lord of Natal!

So Captain Richard Burton and M. Du Chaillu are off to Africa together! If they only agree well enough to continue their partnership, what may not the British public hope to be astonished with? Gorillas, indeed! I shall be hugely disappointed if I do not shortly hear of a valuable specimen of the anthropophagi being lodged at the British Museum; and I predict with confidence a long and angry correspondence in the *Athenaeum*, which shall prove beyond doubt that Du Chaillu himself is an invention, Burton a myth, and Africa a mere "geographical expression." Then, the marvellous book of travels I see in embryo! Captain Burton is a man like Tam o' Shanter after usquebaugh—that is, he literally "Fears nae evil;" and M. Du Chaillu has really learnt something besides the art of facial expropriation during his sojourn in the gorilla country. If there ever were a case in which union implied strength it is this; and if the reading world is not taken by storm, and if savans and anthropologists are not set by the ears by the sayings and doings of these two mighty huntsmen, why, all experience is futile and all analogy false.

Mr. William Howitt had a letter the other day in your contemporary the *Morning Star*, in which he quoted at length from the writings of Hugh Latimer to prove that feminine love of dress existed in his time as in ours. The proposition is surely too self-evident to need such weighty testimony; and I cannot but regard the aim of Mr. Howitt's communication as being happier than his quotation. Like myself, like you, like us all, he is shocked and horrified at these repeated deaths by fire, and lifts his voice against the womanly weakness which insists on crinoline at the risk of life. Let me add my word to his, and let each of us do his utmost towards abrogating a senseless, wicked custom, or, at least, in protecting helpless victims from the fell clutch of this Moloch fashion. The particulars of poor Miss Burchell's case had scarcely reached me when I heard of the two unhappy ballet-dancers at the Princess'. The flimsy dress of one young creature ignites, and she rushes madly shrieking to her friend, who, in aiding her, sacrifices herself, and is now lying dreadfully burnt in Middlesex Hospital. The stage manager, Mr. Robert Roxby, in gallantly attempting to save them, burns his hands so seriously that he is incapacitated for any professional duty and confined to the house. And all this pain and wretchedness, be it remembered, must be regarded as a satisfactory termination to the accident, for no life has been sacrificed, and the catastrophe which befel poor Clara Webster has not been repeated. But, let me ask, are not theatrical managers gravely culpable if they neglect the simple measures of

providing fireproof dresses for their staff and of protecting them from uninclosed gasburners at the flies? I learn that Sir Benjamin Brodie, having the dread of fire before his eyes, never permitted his little grandchild to wear a muslin dress; but as the corps de ballet cannot go through their evolutions in stuff, we may surely demand that the necessarily flimsy material shall be so prepared as to render ignition impossible. That ladies, who are free agents, should offer themselves up as burnt sacrifices at the shrine of perverted taste, is the affair of their respective husbands and fathers; but that the poor girls who pursue their breadwinning by appearing in public shall not be exposed to undue risk is the affair of the public they amuse. This protection is not difficult; and, for my part, I should welcome any enactment compelling theatrical managers to supply dresses of a non-inflammable character. If some step of this sort be not taken, and if these accidents go on multiplying themselves, theatres will soon be regarded as stepping-stones to the grave, and the most brilliant transformation will fail to "draw," because it will only revive associations connected with another and a dread transformation, in which youth, and hope, and beauty has found a winding-sheet in its fiery dress, and has been suddenly "transformed" into a charred and blackened corpse.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

OF THE THEATRES GENERALLY.

Decidedly theatrical amusements have revived in popularity. Ten or fifteen years ago they seemed at their lowest ebb, and since then they received what Mr. Micawber calls their "final pulverisation" by the establishment of those delicious places of resort, the music-halls. Then wild outcries arose, and the "profession" regarded itself as ruined, and stated so pretty loudly, too, in all sorts of complaints; but it has lived through it all, and probably never was so much money spent upon theatrical entertainments as in the year 1862. "Colleen Bawn" and "Peep o' Day," two very second-rate melodramas, each with a sensation scene (that is to say, a scene calling for a little pluck on the part of an actor and a certain amount of technical skill from a scene-painter and a machinist), realised enormous sums for their proprietors; while the clever acting of Mr. Sothorn, as Lord Dundreary, in one of the worst pieces that ever disgraced a British stage is said to have netted something like twenty thousand pounds. When these extraordinary successes were talked of people sagaciously shook their heads and predicted that when the Exhibition ended the theatres would fall back into their pristine state of impecuniosity; but the result has by no means borne out the prediction. In the months of November and December there was a decided lull; indeed, there was scarcely a theatre in London which, however liberal the distribution of orders, could show a decent audience; but with Boxing Night the tide turned, and theatrical matters in London may now be considered as unusually good.

DRURY LANE is doing a tremendous trade. Brilliant in its new paint and holiday splendour, the erst dreary old barn is lit up with hundreds of childish faces in every part, and its old walls re-echo with that most delicious of all music—childish laughter. It is, par excellence, the "pantomime-house," and, on the success of its Christmas production, will probably float on to Easter. When the houses flag Mr. Falconer will, it is said, produce a piece of his own, of which he has the highest expectations.

COVENT GARDEN seems to be doing a very fair average business. There is always an audience for English opera, and the pantomime is safe to be popular with all who see it, were it only for the marvellous acting of the Paynes and Mr. Callcott's transformation scene. I hear that "Faust" is in rehearsal here, and that Mdlle. Parepa is to play Marguerite. A delightful singer is Mdlle. Parepa, and a charming woman; but scarcely one's notion of Gretchen, eh?

Like sheep through a gap in the hedge, so do our theatrical managers follow each other in style and fashion of the pieces they produce. Years ago every theatre was filled with a "shower of blacks"—a hideous fancy still surviving in the tow-wigged niggers in the streets, and the man with the umbrella like a lettuce, and the dreary "stump oration." Then "Colleen Bawn" started an Irish mania, "Peep o' Day" came close by, and Chadrigs, and Vogts, and Cushlamachrees, and all sorts of unpronounceable Hibernicisms, flourished at suburban theatres. Now the Scotch are about to have their turn, for in three or four different quarters the "Heart of Midlothian" is being dramatically dished up. Mr. Boucicault, at the Westminster, has the start with "The Trial of Effie Deans," a very good piece of the sort, with a sensation scene, the storming of the Tolbooth, very cleverly managed. Mrs. Boucicault plays Jeanie Deans charmingly; and Mr. Boucicault, as the counsel for the defence, is the only person in the piece who does not speak Scotch; but he makes up for it by talking Irish. This is Mr. Boucicault's best card since "The Colleen Bawn."

Close by stands the OLYMPIC, but not the Olympic of five years since, when places were booked for weeks in advance, and when Mr. Robson was the town's idol. A fickle public, my masters! a public which, now running after Sothorns and Fechtors, seems quite to have forgotten the weird little gentleman in Wych-street. Yet might the public wander far without seeing finer acting than Mr. Robson's in "Camilla's Husband" (how marvellously humorous is that episode with the donkey!), or a better working little company.

Cross the street, and you find the STRAND, the management of which seems to be in a state of mental darkness, for they have suffered two of the pillars of their little house to go away to rival theatres. Miss Marie Wilton was the Queen of the Strand style of piece—the saniciest, raciest, most piquant little witch on the boards; with a thorough appreciation of humour, and a power of making each burlesque line tell. Poor Miss Ada Swanborough never would be much; but, coming after Miss Wilton, the contrast is dreadful. And Miss Oliver is gone; and they say Mr. Rogers is going! Certainly, the Strand management wants new roofing.

Miss Wilton has gone to the ADELPHI, where I hear of nothing new in preparation; and the Dundreary furore still continues at the HAYMARKET.

At the PRINCESS' the lady who was so very ill-advised as to appear in leading characters, and the management which was so very foolish as to permit her so to do, have seen the error of their ways, and Miss Amy Sedgwick is now the reigning favourite. Miss Sedgwick's style—utterly stagey, and conventional, and clappatry, though it be—will always command a certain set of admirers, and hers is a very safe engagement. Taken altogether, the pantomime is the best in London, and Mr. Beverley holds his own with his scenery, as usual. A new piece, said to be from the pen of a gentleman well known in journalism, is in preparation.

At the LYCEUM everything, from ceiling downwards, is *coulour de rose*. Audiences, embracing all the best people now in town, cram the house every night. "The Duke's Motto" seems to be safe till Easter. The next novelty will probably be the revival of "Hamlet," with Mr. Fechter in the principal character, Mr. Phelps as the Ghost, Mr. Walter Montgomery as Laertes, and Miss Kate Terry as Ophelia.

What curious fate overhangs the ST. JAMES'S? Nobody has ever made it pay, and Mr. Frank Matthews cannot break the charm. You never can get a pit and gallery there, and, as all theatrical people know, those two places contain the paying portion of the audience. The present bill of fare is not very attractive, we must confess. "The Dark Cloud" is a very sketchy melodrama of an old type, without any merit of writing to redeem it; and it seems a pity to see artists of such standing as Mr. and Mrs. F. Matthews and Miss Herbert throwing away their talents on such dross. Barring a little touch of the transpontine voice and swagger, Mr. Arthur Stirling is not a bad actor; but the rest of the company are dreadful. There is a young gentleman who plays lovers and young husbands, who has not a ghost of a notion of acting, and the grotesqueness of whose appearance utterly destroys the sympathies which Miss Herbert's delicate impersonations have evoked. In a farce called "The Smiths of Norwood" Mrs. F. Matthews is seen to the greatest advantage.

THE TEMPLE CHURCH.—The leaden roof of this church is being thoroughly repaired, for which purpose a lofty scaffold has been erected on the south side of the circular vestibule. The rubble-work on the north side of this portion of the church and the western porch has just been restored with much care under the supervision of the Temple architects. A portion of this ancient structure was raised with stone by Mr. Smirke in 1828.

IMPROVEMENTS IN GASLIGHTING.—On Saturday last an illustration of a new invention for economising the cost and improving the quality of the gas used for public consumption was given at the offices of the new company, having the title of the Photogenic Gas Company, at 95, Bishopsgate-street. Its principal feature is the employment of a fluid oil—the product of a distillation of coal—which is called photogen. By its use in the manner stated by Mr. Thomas, who gave the explanatory illustrations, the illuminating power of the ordinary gas is increased three and even four-fold, while the consumption of the gas itself is diminished by one-third. These very extraordinary results were satisfactorily proved by the use of the photometer and the ordinary gasmeter. The result of the experiments exhibited the fact that a light equal to that of ordinary gas may be produced with a diminished consumption of 40 per cent of the ordinary gas. It has long been known that by dissolving carburetted hydrogen vapours in hydrogen gas additional illuminating power could be obtained; but the difficulty of obtaining a constant supply uniformly rich in carbon prevented such an arrangement from being carried out upon an extensive scale. This difficulty is now, however, obviated by a generator, the invention of M. Mongruel, in which the liquid is inclosed hermetically in an upper chamber, whence it descends through a small tube drop by drop, and forms a thin sheet on the bottom of the vessel, where it is evaporised equally so long as the supply is continued. The oil employed is not the subject of any patent, but the mode of distributing it forms part of the invention now sought to be introduced into this country. If ordinary atmospheric air is passed over this thin surface of oil it absorbs inflammable vapour and gives a light superior even to that of gas. When gas and air are used in combination the result is still more remarkable, and greatly increased intensity of light is obtained, with a diminished consumption of gas.

LIFE-BOAT SERVICES.—The life-boat of the National Life-boat Institution stationed at Lowestoft, on the Suffolk coast, was instrumental, on Sunday morning last, in saving, under very perilous circumstances, the crew of thirteen men of the barque *Bonnie Dundee*, of Dundee, which during a gale of wind was wrecked on the Newcome Sandbank. The Calster life-boat, which also belongs to the National Institution, was instrumental in saving the schooner *Emily*, of London, and her crew, on the night of the 21st inst. The night was very dark, and the schooner could not have been in a more perilous position, nor could she have been more gallantly rescued, as the sea was running mountains high.

MODERN GREEKS.

Of the 950,000 inhabitants of Modern Greece it has been said that the Greek race forms the smallest part, and that, in truth, there are few descendants of the original Greek families, the majority of the population consisting of Albanians, or, in other words, of Slavonians. This, however, is by no means the case, as may be verified by the traveller, who can never mistake the refined, graceful, and fiery sons of Aristides for the heavy, lumpish, and coarse Albanians. It may be said that the Greek race has undergone less physical change than any people in the world; the same quick, mobile features, tall, slender forms, and oval faces now congregate in the streets of Athens as once formed models to Phidias. The land which was laid waste by the War of Independence has been repopulated by the accession of Greek families, who came from the north to settle in the kingdom for which they had always been ready to suffer. These people, to whom we have alluded in a former article, are called the Pallikares, and brought to Athens many of the singular habits of their mountain life. They preserve the sententious manner and silent demeanour of the Turks, exercise constant and almost ruinous hospitality, and interlard their conversation with Turkish and a few Italian words.

We have before said that what is called the Greek costume is either Turkish, Albanian, or some combination of the two. The Pallikares are true to the red cap, the waistcoat richly embroidered, the white petticoat of a hundred plaits, and the gaitered legs. The inhabitants of the Phanon quarter of Athens, on the other hand, dress in the French fashion and adopt European habits.

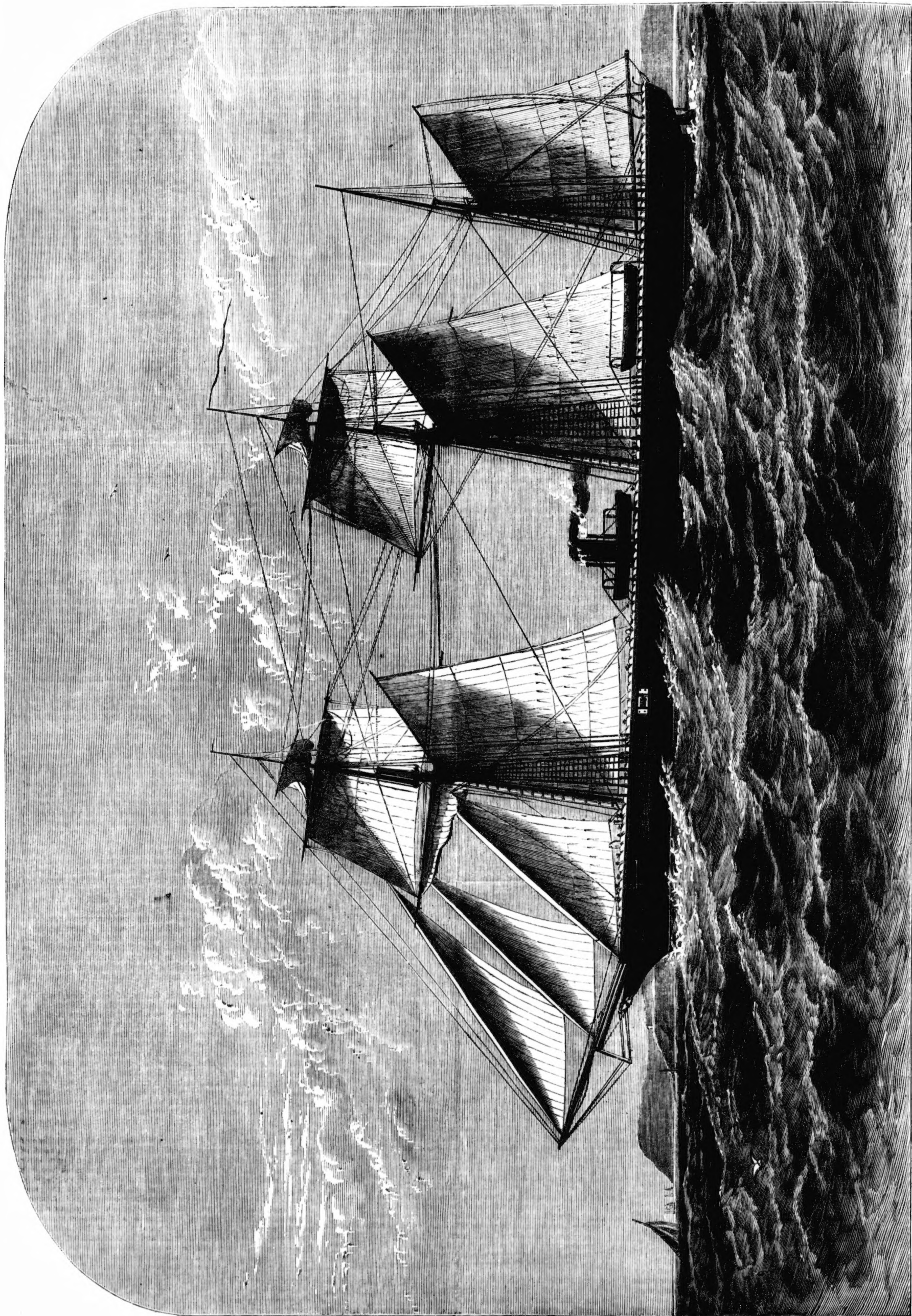
Between these, however, are a large number who unite the Greek cap and petticoat with the wide, baggy trousers and the short vest of the Turks. The Greeks, of whatever condition, and whether of pure or mixed race, shave both beard and whiskers, and retain the moustache. It is only as a sign of mourning that they allow the beard to grow, and those who wear whiskers are looked upon as dandies who are without genuine patriotic sympathies. All the Greeks also wear stays, and at a public assembly, their lean, sinewy figures, tightened at the waist and surrounded by a scarf, recall to the traveller the wasps of Aristophanes. The beauty of the Greek race, which is so proverbial, and is so obvious in any assembly of men, is scarcely confirmed in the case of the women, who are (in Athens at least) neither handsome nor well made: fat and dumpy in figure, with snub noses, flat feet, and a gooselike, waddling gait, many of the Athenian women retain unmistakable tokens of their Albanian origin. Indeed, thirty years ago the entire population of Attica may be said to have been Albanian.

Handsome Greek girls, who are by no means common, are only to be met with in some of the islands, or the outlying mountain districts. Singularly enough, corpulence, which is so characteristic of the women, scarcely ever affects the men, who frequently retain till an advanced age their small waists and easy, graceful carriage.

The costume of the Greek women is of very great variety, those of Athens wearing the silk or cotton skirt, and the red cap with the long silken streamer. Strict temperance is a part of the Greek character, and drunkenness or low debauchery is seldom seen amongst them in any part of the country; but they are especially a vain people with regard to their acquirements, which are, however, often very considerable. From the Mavromichalis, those Beys of Magne who derisively offered the tax demanded by the Turkish agent on the point of a sabre, to the rude mountaineers of Magne who live on acorns, or the Ciofiots and Maniots, whose manners nearly resemble those of their forefathers, but who perform the hardest manual labour and use their great strength as hewers of wood and drawers of water—the Greeks are thoroughly imbued with the spirit of liberty and independence. The Maniots, too, are celebrated for their hospitality, and, when once made acquainted with the stranger, are ever ready to do him some service. They are sufficiently reserved to travellers, however, until they are regularly introduced; and M. About, in the volume from which we obtain much of our information, remarks that they carry their affability as far as kissing, and their coldness up to gun-shots. In spite of these trifling blemishes, he says, they are the most interesting of all their compatriots, because they are the most manly.

With respect to brigandage in Greece, of which everybody has heard so much, it is so complete an institution that resistance on the part of the traveller who encounters a band of robbers is almost useless. The best thing he can do is to submit, unless he has either a guide who has a business connection with the brigands themselves, or is escorted by a band of soldiers or armed attendants. The public alarm at Athens has just been excited by several acts of brigandage, which have aroused popular indignation, especially as the last has occurred close to the capital. Half a dozen young men, one of them being the son of a rich Athenian citizen, made a Sunday excursion some three weeks ago to one of the neighbouring villages, and on their return home after nightfall were surrounded by nine armed men, who, after rifling the companions of this young gentleman, allowed them to return, but carried him away, demanding a ransom of £2500 from his family.

A band of some six or seven has been heard of in the mountains of Megara; one person was carried off from the neighbourhood of Patras, two others from Missolonghi; now and then an open letter was received from the far South with the post-office mark showing that it had passed through the hands of brigands on its way, or a case of burglary was spoken of at Athens; but the very rarity of all such stories in this storytelling country made it impossible even for ill-willed people to magnify them into anything serious. There was, besides, a feature apparent in all these cases which was well calculated to inspire confidence, and that was the determination on the part of the people to resist and help themselves where the Government had neglected to do so. As the latter had been very remiss in the organisation of the National Guard, the institution best adapted to deal with the evil, the people, not only in the towns, but in the rural districts likewise, took the matter into their own hands, and organised themselves as best as they could. Being all armed, and more or less accustomed to the use of their weapons, this was not difficult. Not satisfied with this, the people themselves took measures to insure the security of the mountain passes. It is almost invariably in these passes, which lead from one plain into the other, that



THE CONFEDERATE WAR-STEAMER ALABAMA.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY THE BUILDERS, MESSRS. LAIRD, OF BIRKENHEAD.)



COSTUMES OF GREEK PEASANTRY.

brigands establish themselves; the guarding, therefore, of these passes across the mountain chains which intersect Greece is all important for the security of the roads.

As the blockhouses which exist in almost all of them have been deserted by the posts of gendarmerie since the revolution, the villages on each side have taken upon themselves to supply the guards, and

they send reliefs in regular rotation. It is to this steadiness on the part of the people, more than to anything the Government has done, that the maintenance of order is due hitherto.

So much was this felt that a cry of indignation rose against the Government when these daring cases of brigandage were heard of. Nor was it altogether unmerited; for, besides neglecting the

formation of the National Guard, the Government had concentrated a large portion of the troops in the capital, where they must become daily more demoralised. Sending them out in detachments under good officers would not only have contributed to the security of the country, but likewise offered a chance of more easily re-establishing discipline.

OUR FEUILLETON.

THE STORY OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

I. THE SYRIAN SHRINES.—THE RUSSIAN CZAR.—THE CONSPIRATORS OF 1851.

BETWEEN eight and nine years ago a debtor and a creditor met in a London street. On that morning each had read Mr. Russell's account, in the *Times*, of the Battle of the Alma, and each had been taken off his feet by what he had read. The debtor showed, even through the irrepressible elation of his contentment—for the two men were neither of them, of course, untranslucent clay—that he expected the first, or say the second, sentence of the creditor to be a reminder of the debt. The creditor was a peaceful transcendentalist, and very poor; so that the chances were strongly against the debtor. But, what happened? The creditor grasped the hand of the debtor, looked him full in the face—proud that both were Englishmen—said, "We live in glorious times, don't we?" and never mentioned that little obligation, either then or at any future time. Logic chopper, pronounced! Why should a man forgive a debt because his countrymen had fought a battle thousands of miles away, and won it?

In sober truth, the answer is not far to seek, and in developing it the logic-chopper (who is indispensable, abuse him who may) would prove a useful servant of the poetic instinct. When feeling is at high tide, there is always a disposition to be spiteful against the more definable obligations, and, in some way or other, the heart insists upon the luxury of being generous. The mighty waters of emotion which touched with a passing ripple the bosom of the creditor rolled in big waves over the national mind in that eventful year, doing mischief here and there, of course, but hiding away some ugly things, and fertilising dry, hard natures as it submerged the land. Who, by an effort of the imaginative will, can recall it in all its volume and its power? The people are few who involuntarily remember, and fewer still are they who think it forms any portion of one's duty to maintain by force vivid relations with the past, to whip up the flagging memory of facts, and retouch the fading colours of imagination. Not even in their own personal history do men think of this as incumbent on them, though it is; much less in relation to what are called "public affairs." One name, indeed—the name of a great gentleman—has kept aloft in print the word Crimea; but, in finding its way back to the battle-fields which were the deathbeds in 1855 of Englishmen counted by tens of thousands, the popular mind is arrested by solitary graves—it is the single departed, like the "single captive," that tells—and even if it passes, charged with remorse, beyond the princely shade which hovers upon the confines of the year before last, it scarcely cares to go further than the grave where it reads, with tender regret, not untouched again with lines of remorse, the name of the "dear chief" of the great gentleman. Then it comes back on its steps—not very mindful how many good men are being at present killed by overwork, like Sidney Herbert—comes back on its steps to be confronted by a history which will teach it, if anything can, how much it loses by relaxing its hold on the past. It is so arduous to remember things. No doubt. All life is arduous that is worth living; and no life is worth living that does not strive constantly to full-front the truth. It is impossible usefully to maintain that strife without strong voluntary efforts to recall from time to time whatever one has known (or believed) to be fact, because new lights are always breaking upon things; and it is mere foolery to try and check in the light of new facts a thing which is recollected with the mere *impotentia mulieris*, or the mere *furor mulieris*. But Heaven is kind, and helps even slovenly lives; so here comes Mr. Kinglake to the rescue of those who have not been careful in preserving and collecting raw material for opinion about the Russian War and the events which led up to it, though they have not been careful to refrain from forming opinions.

In calling attention to what, adopting a penny-a-liner's word, may be called the "antecedents" of the war in the Crimea, Mr. Kinglake insists especially upon three topics:—

The Question of the Holy Places;

The character of the late Emperor Nicholas, and the attitude natural to the Russian people in regard to that question; and

The position which France and the Ruler of France occupied after the coup-d'état.

The first two of these topics are obviously relevant. Concerning the relevancy of the other there may be different opinions; and, indeed, the subject-matter (to employ another phrase which the author of "Eöchen" would not employ) has already been called in question as to its accuracy. But the present object being to tell the Story of the Crimean War as it is told by Mr. Kinglake, the succeeding paragraphs will deal with the three topics already mentioned, and in the order in which they stand.

1. The Question of the Holy Places is a phrase which has probably had behind it only a mere glimmer of meaning in a large number of British brains, from the time when its solution first became ominously difficult up to the present moment. How many intelligent women in London society could explain off-hand the dispute between the Greek and Latin Churches from which the war took its rise? Three days after the affair of Aspromonte I was buying a pair of gloves in a leading thoroughfare, and, entering into a chat with the lady of the establishment, found her intelligent and educated, but totally unaware that Garibaldi had been wounded and taken, and apparently incapable of seizing the complications hanging by the skirts of that event. If any such lady should have been wondering ever since 1855 what the question of the Holy Places was, she will have her wonder put an end to if she will read the few sentences which follow.

In every country under the sun, we are reminded, passionate love uses one particular form of speech, whatever other forms it rejects. Everywhere the peasant says he worships the ground on which his beloved treads. So that it is not difficult to read the mediæval simplicity and warmth of feeling which believed that a hollow in a rock at Bethlehem was the manger which had held the infant Jesus, and that a grotto at Nazareth was the actual home of the infant's mother. For many—very many—generations pilgrims to Palestine had paid a toll to the priestly custodians of the holy places. The Mohammedan lords of the soil had more than tolerated the keeping up of the shrines; but since it happened that every one of the holy places became a distinct source of revenue, the prerogative of the Turks came into play, and it rested with them to determine which of the Churches should have the control and the usufruct. In 1740 France obtained from the Sultan a grant or treaty, in virtue of which all the existing privileges of the Latin Church in Palestine were confirmed, or even extended. But this treaty was not keenly insisted upon; and in the course of the next hundred years the Greek Church, with Russia at its back, obtained from the Turkish Government the grant of advantages which were inconsistent with the French treaty. In the possession by the Greek Church of these advantages, France, whose "religiosity" underwent a good deal of cooling in the eighteenth century, acquiesced up to the middle of the nineteenth.

Now the Russian Christians, of the Greek Church, attach a sacred and extensive import to a journey to the Holy Shrines. But whilst the Greek ships have discharged at Jaffa multitudes of wayworn and famine-worn pilgrims who have come to worship at the sacred places, "the closest likeness to a pilgrim which the Latin (or Roman Catholic) Church could supply has often been a mere French tourist, with a journal, and a theory, and a plan of writing a book." This being the state of things, Turkey being at rest, and even the rival Churches of Jerusalem at peace, the French President, "in cold blood, and under no new motive for action, took up the forgotten cause of the Latin Church at Jerusalem and began to apply it as a wedge for sundering the peace of the world. The French Ambassador was instructed to demand that the treaty of 1740 should be strictly carried out." "It is said," declares our own Foreign Secretary, "that the French Ambassador was the first to speak of having recourse to force, and to threaten the intervention of a fleet." But the claim of France falling short of the strict letter of the Treaty of 1740, and the Greek Church being willing to forego some of its privileges, the question of the Holy Places got narrowed down to these limits:—"Whether, for the purposes of passing through the

building into their Grotto, the Latin monks should have the key of the chief door of the Church of Bethlehem, and also one of the keys of each of the two doors of the Sacred Manger; and whether they should be at liberty to place in the sanctuary of the Nativity a silver star, adorned with the arms of France?" The Latins also claimed the privilege of worshipping once a year at the shrine of the Blessed Mary in the Church of Gethsemane; and they went on to assert their right to have a cupboard and a lamp in the tomb of the Virgin. But in this last pretension they were "not well supported by France; and, virtually, it was their claim to have a key of the great door of the Church of Bethlehem, instead of being put off with a key of the lesser door."

After the coup-d'état M. de Lavalette, the French Ambassador, appears to have acted under instructions more violent than before. The Porte gave way, and acknowledged the Latin claims in a formal note. Then the Russian Minister remonstrated, and the Porte issued another and inconsistent firman, which ratified all the existing privileges of the Greek Christians. Then ensued angry remonstrances from both France and Russia, in the midst of which "the Turkish Government secretly promised the Russian Minister that the Pacha of Jerusalem should be instructed to try to avoid giving up the keys to the Latin monks." After some further fluctuations in the course of events, France put on the screw again, so that, in December, 1852, the silver star was brought with much pomp from the coast, and, on the 22nd of that month, "the Latin patriarch, with joy and with a great ceremony, replaced the glittering star in the sanctuary of Bethlehem, while, at the same time, the key of the great door of the church, together with the keys of the Sacred Manger, was handed over to the Latins."

This the Czar Nicholas, acting on behalf of the Greek Church, the church of his nation, decided was not to be borne; an army of 144,000 men was soon in motion towards the Danubian frontier; and the phrase "material guarantee" became rapidly familiar to the English newspaper reader.

2. Beyond and above this quarrel of monks in sunny Syria (says Mr. Kinglake) men saw towering high in the misty north the ambition of the Czars. The "proclivity" of Russia towards the city of Constantine is a matter which needs only to be indicated, for the sake of keeping things in logical order; but "the ambition of the statesmen and the nobles was reinforced by the pious desire of about fifty millions of men [who] in Russia held one creed. In her wars Russia had always been engaged against nations which were not of her faith, and twice at least, in the very agony of her national life, and when all other hope was gone, she had been rescued by the warlike zeal of her priesthood. By these causes," continues Mr. Kinglake, avowing his obligations here to Arthur Stanley, "love of country and devotion to the Church had become so closely welded in one engrossing sentiment that good Muscovites could not sever the one idea from the other." The man who could wield the whole force of this sentiment with despotic will was Nicholas. And what manner of man was he? A man of immense energy, but of a mind so wanting in plasticity as to be practically all but stupid—a blundering mind. He was "too military to be warlike," but zealous in "that branch of industry which seeks to give uniformity and mechanic action to bodies of men. He was an unwearied inspector of troops. He kept close at home great numbers of small wooden images clothed in various uniforms, and one of the rooms in his palace was filled with these military dolls." As to his morale (so far as it comes within the scope of the relations of *la haute politique*) he was always understood that he aimed at maintaining in his own conduct the "standard of honour of an English gentleman; and it was well known that the Duke of Wellington was his model man." Late in life, however, his character deteriorated, and he had Romanoffish fits of cunning stubbornness which made him dangerous to deal with.

The character of the Emperor Nicholas had, in truth, although Mr. Kinglake does not say it, a great deal of what was merely wooden about it. Say what you like about him, he was, I maintain, essentially and strictly, a stupid man. He wanted intelligence, the power of understanding things—a want which all your buckram men, without exception, share. Allowing handsomely for the effect of Lord Aberdeen's declarations of abhorrence of war, and of the manifestoes of the peace party, only a born blunderer could, after such opportunities as Nicholas had enjoyed of knowing the English, have fallen into the mistake of supposing that England would do anything rather than fight. The man who made this gross mistake, however, was the man who had, at the critical period of the question of the Holy Places, to look around Europe and take the measure, and judge what would be the probable attitude of other States and their rulers in case he should decide upon invading Turkey with "ulterior views"—views going far beyond the settlement of any question in which pilgrims to the Holy Shrines were at the moment interested.

3. As to the attitude of France and its Ruler, taken simply, there was no doubt. But, in the sequel, Russia had to meet the combined strength of France and England; and the historian thinks it relevant to the origin of the combination to go as some length into the question of the intellectual rank of Louis Napoleon and into the history of the coup-d'état. The man himself is, according to Mr. Kinglake, not so clever as he has been made out to be, when read backwards in the light of his successes, and not so stupid as he was originally supposed to be. Courage he has, of a faltering kind, which requires to be nourished by brooding thoughts, and stimulated by a dramatic entourage, and which is apt to go out ignominiously at the first approach of real bravery. He illustrates this by the story of the Prince's attempt at Strasburg, in 1836. At that time he was presented by his fellow-conspirators to the men of the 46th Regiment as their Emperor. What the soldiers saw before them in the barrack-yard was—

a young man with the bearing and countenance of a weaver—of a weaver oppressed by long hours of monotonous indoor work, which makes the body stoop and keeps the eyes downcast; but all the while—and yet it was broad daylight—this young man, from hat to boot, was standing dressed up in the historic costume of the man of Austerlitz and Marengo.

The Colonel of this regiment soon confronted the new Emperor; and what followed?

Of course (says Mr. Kinglake) this apparition of the Indignant Colonel, whose barrack had been invaded, was exactly what was to be expected, exactly what was to be combated; but yet, as though it were something monstrous and undreamt of, it came upon the Prince with a crushing power. To him, a literary man, standing in a barrack-yard, in the dress of the great conqueror, an angry Colonel, with authentic warrant to command, was something real, and therefore, it seems, dreadful. In a moment Prince Louis succumbed to him. One of the ornaments which the Prince wore was a sword; yet, without striking a blow, he suffered himself to be publicly stripped of his grand cordon of the Legion of Honour and all his other decorations. According to one account, the angry Colonel inflicted this dishonour with his own hands, and not only pulled the grand cordon from the Prince's bosom, but tore off his epaulettes, and trampled both epaulettes and grand cordon under foot. When he had been thus stripped, the Prince was locked up.

At Boulogne, when the Prince made that other abortive attempt, the story was similar, for he "surrendered himself to the first firm man who touched him."

From some defect, perhaps, in the structure of the heart or the arterial system, his skin, when he was in a state of alarm, was liable to be suffused with a greenish hue. This discoloration might be a sign of high moral courage, because it would tend to show that the spirit was warring with the flesh; but still it does not indicate that condition of body and soul which belongs to a true king of men in the hour of danger, and enables him to give heart and impulsion to those around him. It is obvious, too, that an appearance of this sort would be damping to the ardour of the bystanders.

At Magenta we are informed that the Emperor's true condition was no secret, and his alleged self-exposure at Solferino is disputed with remorseless insistence.

The tale of the coup-d'état is then told over again with unflinching detail. No mercy is shown to the infamous "antecedents" of St. Arnaud, Magnan, Morny, and Maupas, whose share in the work of the midnight of the 1st of December, 1851, and of the subsequent days of horror, was less direct than that of Persigny. At the very last moment there was hesitation among these men. They had taken armed possession of the Government printing-office, and could compel, and did compel, the compositors to set up what they pleased.

The army had been bribed with the last "obolus" of Louis Napoleon, besides being only too glad of a chance of revenging itself for its experiences of 1818. Yet to one of the conspirators was allotted the task of dilating any news which might carry an ill omen, so that it should not fall too alarmingly upon the ears of the "Prince," and at the last moment the courage of another gave way; so that all would have been lost but for the impetuosity of Fleury, who shut him up in a room and kept a pistol pointed at his head! While the work of blood was going on, the Prince "remained close shut up in the Elysée. There, in an inner room, still decked in red trousers" (which he had worn during an abortive theatrical ride abroad to feel the popular pulse), "but with his back to the daylight, he sat bent over a fireplace for hours and hours together, resting his elbows on his knees, and burying his face in his hands." The story of the seizure and imprisonment of the two hundred and thirty-two members of the Assembly; the noble resistance in the name of law, which was organised by Victor Hugo; the ineffectual barricades; the slaughter of the 4th of December, and the banishments which followed in the wake of that slaughter—all this need not be repeated. Some of the minor touches, either recalled or now first mentioned by Mr. Kinglake, give, however, great life to the general impression. For example, it being necessary that the National Guard should not beat to arms during the night of the 1st, the drums were carefully mutilated to secure that end! Nor is it idle to remember that the panegyrist of Louis Napoleon admits that within the few weeks following the coup-d'état the number of people seized and transported was not less than 26,500. One officer admits that his regiment alone killed two thousand four hundred men; and there were about twenty regiments actively engaged in the bloody work of the 4th of December. In the army the whole number killed was twenty-five. There is very little doubt, if any, that during the nights of the 4th and 5th prisoners were shot in batches by platoon-firing, and thrown into pits. Nor is there any doubt that the whole of the "coup" which placed Paris at the feet of these scoundrel adventurers was the most cruel, treacherous, lawless, bloody piece of business in which innocent men, women, and children were ever slain by a brutal soldiery in the streets of a civilised capital. Mr. Kinglake rightly judges that there was a mighty element of what is called "panic" in the whole transaction. "The army raged, and the people crouched; but army and people alike were governed by terror." If the plot had failed, and law had reasserted itself, what would have been the fate of the creatures who had sold themselves to the conspirators? One person, it is very certain, was "governed by terror" during the time when his success was doubtful. He took care to have an immense force of cavalry close at his side, and his carriages and horses ready for instant use in the stableyard of the Elysée.

And this was the man who, with his four adventurers at his heels, sought the alliance of England for the sake of the moral shelter it would afford. "The unspeakable value," says Mr. Kinglake, of this moral shelter to persons in the condition of the new French Monarch, and St. Arnaud, Morny, and Maupas, can never be understood, except by those who look back and remember how exalted the moral station of England was in the period which elapsed between April 10, 1848, and the time when she suffered herself to become entangled in engagements with the French Emperor. . . . Upon the hands of these men there was a good deal of blood. We shrank a little, but we were tempted much. We yielded. We struck the bargain. But when we had done this thing, we had no right to believe that, to Europe at large—still less to the gentlemen of France—the fair name of England would seem as it seemed before.

With this view of the French alliance and its moral consequences to ourselves I close for the present. Next week I will take up, and follow to the Battle of the Alma, the story of the war, for which the way is now prepared. W. B. R.

LOVE IN THE CONFESSIONAL.

THE erotic correspondence which spices the last page of the penny journals has lately attracted the notice of observers and critics, big, even, as those who display poor human nature on the barndoor of the *Saturday Review*. So gushing is this correspondence, so redolent of love, so loud with the snapping of heartstrings and those aspirations after matrimony which we used to suppose were breathed only in secret, that it certainly does deserve attention—if authentic. Such letters as the "Forlorn Ones" and the "Withered Daisies" write to the editor of the *London Journal* cannot fail to illustrate our knowledge of life, if they are really sincere; for they are numerous enough to warrant the conclusion that through them we get a fair insight into the habit of thought of thousands of women on some very important matters.

But it has always been doubted whether these letters are genuine, whether they are not rather the inventions of able editors, who seek thus to minister, with as small an appearance of responsibility as possible, to that taste for scandal, that penchant for match-making and the chaster improprieties, which is supposed to lie perdu in every female breast. The intrinsic evidence of the letters themselves is certainly in favour of their authenticity; they look little like editorial concoctions, and in only a few instances are they manifestly jokes, got up for the private entertainment of the "fair correspondents" themselves. Nevertheless, people of sense and education persist in doubting whether a thousand, a hundred, a dozen girls could be found in the empire who would seriously advise with an unknown editor on the state of her affections, set forth her hopes, her disappointments, her indignities, and—most marvellous of all—advice for healing balsam in the shape of another "young gentleman," in the consolations of another love, to be supplied on certain terms of contract.

And yet all this is true. We have the evidence before us in a heap of letters, the actual correspondence of Love and Woman with a once popular journal now no more. If we ever doubted, our doubts are deceased; they are smothered, as effectually as those other innocents were in the Tower, by a mass of eloquent nonsense—written in all sorts of hands, in all sorts of styles, and flown together from every corner of the kingdom. And as we dip here and there we discover that the most astonishing letters are not those which are printed, but those which are permitted to remain in an obscurity more or less modest.

After reading a dozen of these compositions, nothing is easier than to detect the spurious from the true. Through all those penned for fun (and, ah! what fun it is!) there runs a common discord of giggling flippancy which no ingenuity could disguise; and then there is never any ingenuity to disguise it. Ten minutes of preparatory investigation, and we throw the false epistles from the pack almost as rapidly as a conjuror deals the red and the black cards right and left. They are as foolish and as contemptible as anything in manuscript can well be; but the residue—the residue is often foolish too, though, somehow, we cannot always call the provoked sneer to our lips as we read.

What, for instance, is to be said when a girl of sixteen—obviously a poor little ignorant sempstress or serving-wench, honestly in love—asks an editor whether it is very wrong to sit on her lover's knee? It is clear as day—(here lies the letter—now ten years old, by-the-by, so that the lady's doubts are probably resolved by this time)—that the question is innocently and anxiously asked; and Mr. Goldsmith, or the Rev. Mr. Serne even, might have made quite a touching little bit of it simply by causing the question to be addressed by the child to her mother. The monstrosity of the thing—to us knowing and unbelieving men of the world—lies in its being sent to the editor of a penny magazine, to be by him answered in public print ("only," says the anxious Phillis, "please don't print my letter"); and yet, with the actual scrawl before us, it is not easy to cry "fool!" or "indecent!"—the judgment most becomingly passed by all persons of delicacy and refinement. And a large number of the letters is written in this vein—not in every case by sempstresses and serving-maids, apparently, but also by women who know how to handle a pen with (conventional) elegance. It does happen, however, that almost in proportion as the epistle is prettily and accurately written the bolder it is—more disturbing to our notions of delicacy, more exasperating to our own private virtues.

Here is an example of the simpler sort, "now first published":—
Mr. Editor,—The idol of my heart is a young man who does not profess any—

thing more than friendship at present, but I hope he will love me soon or I think I shall go mad. But to my question. He has introduced me to his sister, who is about ten years younger than myself. Now, dear Sir, I should like to make her a present on New-Year's Day. Do you think he would think me bold in so doing, has I have only known her a few weeks, and she being such a child, of course we are not what might be called friends, although I love her to devotion, because he is very fond of her? Hoping an early answer, I remain, dear Sir, your subscriber for EVER, —

P.S. I would much rather make him a present, but I suppose one that would be quite out of the rules of etiquette, has he never made me a present. P.S. No. 2.—I have known him nearly a year, and he has never mentioned the word love to me during all that time, although I have idolised him in my heart. Do you think he will ever make me happy?

And here is another almost as edifying:—

Dear Sir,—I sincerely love a young gentleman, who is a very intimate friend of mine, but he has never spoken of love to me. Dear Sir, I should very much like to have a lock of his hair, as I have a very young man, it is not at all likely I shall get it without asking. Do you think there would be any impropriety in my asking him for a piece?—I remain, yours very truly, —

The sincerity of these letters is obvious, and it is really difficult to condemn them with any degree of ferocity. Neither of them were to be published, "because I'm afraid he might see it," and "because his sister takes in the magazine." There is not the remotest chance of their being recognised here, and now; but the fact of their never having been meant for publication proves, what is clearly enough shown in themselves, that they were dictated by a real distress and with no real indelicacy of feeling. A girl who hesitates to make a New-Year's present to the sister of a man whom she has known for twelve months because he is secretly "the idol of her heart," and he might think her bold in so doing, is not the kind of girl whom we are assured prevails in Belgravia, but a far modest one. Those two postscripts are, to my mind, downright pathetic, and most significant of a pure and sensitive mind. And yet how, then, could all this be written to a stranger, an editorial male stranger and most unsentimental of men?

Ignorance and superstition are to be found at the root of that inquiry. The fond, romantic, untaught country girls who contribute so largely to such correspondence have no very just idea of the personage they write to; they do not know what an editor is, but compound him, apparently, of a confessor and a conjurer. They picture to their minds a grey and reverend man seated in a solitary room full of books, and papers, and engines of science—a man of much wisdom and a tender heart, equally disposed to tackle the stars and to bestow guidance on any foolish little girl who has got into the agonies of youth or the dilemmas of her sex. He has been and knowing one, is far away—remote in London and his own superiority. He is never seen of his correspondents; he knows not their names even; and, after all, it is less embarrassing to drop a letter into a box than to whisper at a hole in the confessional. The secret is a secret still.

These considerations take much from the surprise which the perusal of such a collection of letters as this before us naturally inspires; and then comes in the superstition of which we spoke, in many cases evidently. Thousands of ignorant women, and some amongst those who have not been ill taught, entertain a half faith in fortune-telling, wise men, and so on; and from the beginning the possession of any considerable share of "book-learning" has never been dissociated in the minds of the vulgar from occult powers over life and love. Nor, observing the facile way in which everything in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth is dealt with in the penny magazines—the wonderful acquaintance with every passion of the human heart we find there—it is not altogether strange that the editor is credited by the ignorant with the skill which any one who could mouth a Latin sentence was in old times suspected of. The lady of the two postscripts does not ask for a love-letter, but, having stated the barest circumstances of the case, she does desire to be informed whether the editor thinks "he will ever make me happy?" It is very probable, indeed, that she only fished for a sympathetic answer; but there are a dozen instances before us in which the literary potentate is undoubtedly expected to give an authoritative one in affairs equally reconduce. The correspondent presents herself and her wooer before him, just as she would before a fortune-teller.

When we come to the letters of women in a higher grade of life then our excuses begin to fail. The folly ceases to be simple, and can no longer be clad by any imagination in sweetness and pastoral chintz. Here is a strange example of the confidences of editors:—

Dear Mr. Editor,—Will you very kindly give me a little advice on the subject I shall refer to. I can ask you, as I am confident of never seeing you; and I could not ask it of those I am personally acquainted with.

I am living in the same place as a gentleman who, for these last two years, has paid me private attentions. He is thirty-five and I am eighteen years of age. He has known and nursed me in my childhood. He never comes to the house, although my friends are friendly. His mother has been ill for a long time, during which I have been at his house a great deal at the lady's request. We have often been left alone for two hours, when, putting his arm round my waist and squeezing me, also kissing, he has told me of his love, saying I have caused him much a sigh, and how happy he shall feel in possessing such a treasure as myself, and ask me to become Mrs. —, and if it would not be nice?—asking me to kiss him and allow him to kiss me, which, with a great fuss, he has done. I have never kissed him—would it be prudent for me to do so? What answers shall I give him when he asks me to become Mrs. —, and if it would not be nice? Do tell me, Mr. Editor.

This is his conduct to me in private: sometimes he seems to act anyway but like a confidant. Two years ago a half ago he grossly insulted me. I became offended with him; he pretended not to know to my cousin what he had done, and appeared very desponding to her. We gradually became friends again, since which he has paid me more attention than ever. I was ill a week a short time ago, when he did not call to ask for me, but he asked our servant, once, and told other people I was ill. Before his friends (who are, I think, averse to his marrying, and have not the slightest idea of my ever being his), he treats me with indifference, and speaking apparently in fun of me as aunt to his nephew. He often says he must marry; there are two ladies, he frequently speaks to them about this in my presence, saying, "he supposes that he must have one of them, after all that has been said; but, to me, he declares that he hates them, and I am the only one. He has asked me several times if I could love a husband? What answer shall I give him?

A young man of twenty-two came in the shooting-season, seemed to make much of me; he told me I was engaged to a young man below my station in the place, and mentioned his name to the young gent.

W.—, the gent of thirty-five, always sits me, when there is a party at his house, by the side of him at the head of the table. He sometimes, when I have left his mother, comes home with me, saying to his sometimes, shall go as far as the gate. I am to receive his attentions. Do you think he loves me, or is it only to effect my ruin? He has said, when I felt inclined to accept him, he would ask his mother (his only parent), and then he would ask my guardian another time. I should feel extremely obliged if you would answer this in your next Number, as I am often there, and know not how to proceed.

One hardly knows what to make of that, be he never so charitable. The letter is genuine enough and full enough, at all events; and the kindest thing we can say is, that it would be unfair to add to so strange a confession any inferences of our own.

We have also an instance of a young lady asking to be helped to a husband in the naivest manner. Her story, too, is undoubtedly genuine, and her cry for matrimony full earnest. She says she is the daughter of a gentleman holding a Government situation, and has received a good education. She has a sister two years younger, and this sister is to her what the wrath of Achilles was to the Greeks. "And is it proper, Mr. Editor, really (I'm sure it is not agreeable), for a younger sister to tyrannise over the elder, or that mamma should always hold with her?" The tyranny grows more detestable every day, and, to add to the young lady's misfortunes, her papa has lately been removed to Ireland, where Cinderella has not one friend, not one companion. Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that at times her sincerest wish is to die? She is of age, and would get a situation as governess, or something in that way, but papa and mamma would never allow that; and so "the only way, Mr. Editor, I can see of getting away creditably from my unhappy home (and one, perhaps, which you will feel inclined to smile at, but do not so, I beg) is to get married. Can you, or rather will you, assist me through your valuable little paper?" Then follows a statement of Cinderella's accomplishments, useful and ornamental, and a description of her person. We observe that as to the man of her choice (shall we say?) she only stipulates that he shall be an Englishman, and willing to emigrate. "May I add" (this in a postscript) "that any letters addressed to me in your care will meet due attention?"

This coming to market for a mate—these matrimonial overtures which now seem to form so large a portion of the correspondence columns of the *London Journal* and its rivals, are the most incredible things therein. Something more than a perusal in bald, characterless print of those offers from either sex are necessary to a belief that they are genuine in any instance where fraud is not meant to follow. But we believe the above to have been a perfectly sincere proposal; and we have lighted here upon a little batch of letters which puts the matter beyond doubt. Some "gentleman," with the magnificent income of two hundred a year, was allowed to say in the columns of the magazine that he wanted a wife. To his one application we find more than a dozen answers, and the terms in which at least seven of them are written leave no question that the writers respond in perfect good faith. Names and addresses are confidentially intrusted to the editor, and one applicant seriously begs of him to see her fairly through the preliminary negotiations, should she be chosen. Another, who anxiously sets forth a beggarly account of mere domestic virtues and household charms to the best advantage, with a manifest fear that her chance is small, hopes the editor will be so very kind as to suppress her application altogether, if he has any suspicion that the "gentleman" is likely to deceive her. Several of the candidates profess to have a little money, and with all apparent honesty, too. It seems that none of these letters were forwarded to the gallant advertiser, which is pleasant. Whether this is the course adopted by other able editors, or whether they allow the game to be carried out—whether appointments are made, and actual negotiation follows upon the overtures which are published by the dozen every Saturday—we do not know; but, if so, what a happy state of things is this for society!

There is another class of "letters to the editor" which we have never seen in print, but which, we suppose, are sent to publications like the *London Journal* and the *Family Herald* in hundreds, judging by the number we find in the correspondence of a paper far less popular than either, though quite as respectable. These are epistles devoted to the exposition of domestic miseries—jealousies in which the cruelties, deceits, neglects, and infidelities of husbands are displayed in the minutest detail for editorial sympathy and counsel. To do the writers justice, they spare nothing that might conduce to a right understanding of the case and a true judgment thereon—except, of course, the faults on their own side. These compositions, again, wonderful as they are from certain points of view, are often more than ridiculous or amusing; they are touching sometimes, and sometimes almost tragic. We cannot laugh, or only laugh, when we read the complaint of a rough honest woman (apparently), who says, incidentally, that—

As for myself, I could send for advice that might be difficult, having a so-called Revd. A.—B.— for an husband like none very clever in the pulpit but can slight and ill use and prefer another and tell me so after being United to him 13 years and the Mother of seven boys and forsook every friend for him these are trials I could fill a volume of unkindness. I have often thought of going into the world as a servant was not brought up to Service but to the best of Schools and not to hard work but have and do do everything for my family which is four sons myself and Mr. B but all I can do will not win a hard heart but his associates are more to him than me.

The critic who is called to look on such scenes as these—told though they be in English exquisitely bad—must be hardy to make a jest of them, and a fool to think of them with indifference. Some of the stories we have here are enough to compel a clown to sobriety, from the terrible new pictures they give of suffering and wrong, in spite of the unlucky fact that in almost every instance the receipt of really shocking indignities is mingled with a hash of trumpery grievances, set forth with as many tears as bewail the worst.

Lastly, these letters break into another class more difficult to explain and more painful to dwell upon—letters, these, from desperate women, full of guilt and despair. They are few, very few, we are glad to say, but not strictly exceptional. Just beneath one of the simplest sort, which says in effect, "My brother brought home with him from college a friend of his lately, and he stayed with us a fortnight; and in that time I learned to love him very dearly; and when he went away he pressed my hand and stammered that he hoped he might be permitted to see me again—may I hope that he loves me, too, do you think?"—beneath such innocent nonsense as this we find a letter from a wild woman, asking for such advice and assistance as, if given, might possibly have brought the obliging editor before the bar of the Old Bailey. Here is another, in which a young girl writes in an agony to say that she has a secret on her mind which, if confessed, would cost her her lover; and as it would kill her to lose him, she should not tell him. And here is a specimen of another kind:—

I am anxious to consult you under trying and peculiar circumstances. I am still young, and, as numerous flatterers have told me true, not without personal attractions. Some years since my family and friends took me from my husband, at my request, in consequence of his cruel and immoral conduct. He has since (though not directly) contracted marriage in another country. And now I arrive at the difficult point. One whom I have known from a child, and into whose company I am constantly thrown, has made me proposals which, under the circumstances, I cannot listen to, of course. He still persists, whenever opportunity offers, in all love-like manifestations which I cannot (though I have tried all my persuasive powers) induce him to desist from. Do help me with your kind advice. I shall anxiously look for it in the next number of your valuable work.

From all this it will be seen that the correspondences of such journals as we have indicated is no joke. And many people will be ready that it ought not to be encouraged. That we leave to the reader's consideration, sure that we do no wrong in making the facts known.

G. MAJOR.

THE KISS OF ALLAH.

I DREAMED that Allah kissed my cheek,
And Allah's kiss was heavenly cold;
Like snow upon a mountain peak
Familiar with the starry gold.

But as, in noontide of celestial bliss,
Behind the dark disc beaute the light,
I knew, within the awful lips,
The burning of the infinite.

And in my dream I mused what strange
New life might such a portent mean;
What victories; what glad exchange
Of painful toil for careful sheen.

And, as I mused, I heard a voice,
Like patient thunder, speaking low:
Are Allah's gifts, then, only toys,
And all the heaven and earth a show?

Then, shuddering to the heart, I woke;
And knew my dream; and understood
The serious morning, as it broke
Round the hill and the cypress wood;

And that rebuking tongue; and what
The kiss of Allah meant to give;—
Not rapture to fill out my lot,
But strength and trust straight on to live:

Knowing that He is lord of death,
And life, and joy, and that accord
Of mysteries which, underneath
The shadow of the eternal sword,

Shuts in, as with a darkling ridge
Of bastioned cloud,—from meager eyes
Than their's, the brave who walk the bridge
Hair-broad,—His happy Paradise.

W. B. RANDE.

MILTON'S SIGNET RING.

(See page 77.)

It is surprising how very few relics of our great men have survived the decay and the obliterating influence of time. As regards Shakespeare, with the exception of the house in which he was born and two or three signatures in his handwriting, we have nothing left

which is personally associated with our great poet, except his works, which are indeed destined to exist for all time; while, as to Milton, most of the tangible memorials of his life have long since passed away. Of the various London houses in which he resided only one is now in existence—namely, the ancient tenement in Petty France, Westminster, where he lived when he filled the post of Foreign Secretary to Oliver Cromwell. In common, too, with Shakespeare and most of our other great men, Milton was the last of his family in the male line, his only surviving descendants, through his youngest daughter, Deborah, being a family of the name of Clarke, living, in humble circumstances, somewhere at the east end of London.

Most relics have only a doubtful pedigree to fall back upon; but that the signet-ring which we have engraved on a preceding page really belonged to the poet Milton we have something like conclusive evidence. It is at present the property of Mr. Disney, who, it seems, inherited it from his father. The late Mr. Disney obtained it, in 1804, from the collection of Mr. Thomas Disney Hollis, who also inherited it from his father, Mr. Thomas Hollis, in 1774. This latter gentleman purchased the ring in question, in the year 1761, from Mr. John Payne, who obtained possession of it on the death of Thomas Forster, who, it will be remembered, married Elizabeth Clarke, Milton's granddaughter, and daughter of his youngest daughter, Deborah, whose husband was one Abraham Clarke, a weaver, of Spitalfields.

The impress on the seal is a coat-of-arms, a double-headed eagle displayed, the shield surmounted by a helmet and crest, which appears to be a lion's gamb grasping the neck and head of an eagle, the neck crested. In connection with this relic, and in proof of its authenticity, it may be observed that the armorial bearing is certainly the same as that adopted by Milton, whose father, as everybody knows, was a scrivener in Bread-street, in the parish of Allhallows, at the sign of the Spread Eagle. It was in this house that the poet was born, on the 9th of December, 1608; and the registry of his baptism is still preserved in the adjoining church of Allhallows. Bread-street, one of the most ancient of city streets, was so called, according to Stowe, from bakers selling bread there; for, in the old times, bread was not allowed to be sold in the shops, but only in the public market. The whole of Bread-street was destroyed by the great fire of London; but it is more than probable that the house in which Milton was born was destroyed by a terrible fire which broke out in this street some time previous to that event. The first turning down Bread-street from Cheap-side used to be called Black Spread Eagle-court, in all probability from the Milton e sign.

Mr. Hunter has pointed out that the charge in question is borne, with certain differences, by families of the name of Milton settled in Shropshire, Staffordshire, &c. Burke, too, in his "General Armory," gives this coat and crest as belonging to the Oxfordshire family of Milton, or Mylton, as the name is indifferently spelt; and it is reported that a grant by Segar is in existence, giving to the poet and his family an assignment of these arms.

THE GAD-WHIP.

USED IN THE MANORIAL SERVICE RENDERED AT CAISTOR CHURCH, LINCOLNSHIRE.

AMONGST the few old English customs which still survive there are few more curious, and perhaps, according to present ideas, more ridiculous, than the observances arising out of ancient tenures.

Mr. Blount, in his valuable work on the subject, has collected some very curious examples. The one, however, of which we are about to speak, and which is certainly a most singular one, appears to have been overlooked by that zealous antiquary.

Near to Caistor, in Lincolnshire, is the manor of Broughton, consisting of something like 2200 acres of land. This used to be, and we believe is still, held subject to the performance, on Palm Sunday in every year, of the ceremony of cracking a whip three times in the church porch of Caistor Church while the minister is reading the first lesson. The whip used is the gad-whip, represented on another page. After it has been cracked the requisite number of times by the person deputed to perform this office, he folds it neatly up and retires to his seat. At the commencement of the second lesson he approaches the minister, and, kneeling opposite to him, holds the whip, with a purse attached to the end of it, perpendicularly above the clergyman's head and waves it thrice; after which he continues to hold it in a steadfast position throughout the reading of the chapter, when the ceremony is brought to a conclusion.

The whip in question has a leathern purse tied to it (see A. in the Engraving), which ought to contain thirty pieces of silver, supposed to represent, according to Scripture, "the price of blood." Four pieces of Weech-helm tree of different lengths, denoting the four Gospels of the Evangelists, are affixed to the stock. The three cracks are typical of St. Peter's denial of his Lord and Master thrice repeated, and the waving of the whip over the minister's head is intended as a homage to the Trinity.

Mr. Rose, a gentleman who has taken great pains to investigate the origin of this singular custom, is of opinion, however, succeeding in tracing it to its ancient source, is of opinion that it must be referred to purely primitive times. The performance, however, of the essential part of the ceremony during the reading of the second lesson cannot have been a custom of long standing; for, prior to the last version of the book of Common Prayer, there was no proper lesson for the morning of Palm Sunday. The 26th chapter of Matthew, which is the lesson now appointed to be read on Palm Sunday, was formerly the gospel for that day, and had been so from Saxon times, and it is with this particular portion of Scripture that the custom is evidently associated. It will be remembered that the chapter referring to describes the conspiracy of the rulers against Christ, the anointing of His feet, the covenant on the part of Judas to sell Him for thirty pieces of silver, the institution of the Lord's Supper, the betrayal of the Saviour with a kiss, and the thrice-repeated denial of Him by the Apostle Peter.

There seems to be no reference to this particular tenure in any of the existing deeds of the Broughton manor; but these are not supposed to date further back than the year 1675. It is thought, however, that the deeds of the manor of Hunder, in Caistor, to the lords of which the service is due, and for whose use the whip was deposited after service is rendered in Caistor Church, might throw some light upon the subject.

There is a local tradition that the custom originated in a penance performed by a former owner of the Broughton estate for having killed a boy with a blow from a whip of this description; but the tradition was very likely invented to account for the custom in a popular way. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1799 it is stated that the lord of the manor of Thong Castle (Thong Caistor was the old name of the place) had a right to whip the parson in the pulpit; but we question whether this right, if it existed at all, which we doubt, was ever exercised.

The word "gad" means a club, a sceptre, and, in the north of England a long stick. It occurs in the following passage from some old writer:—

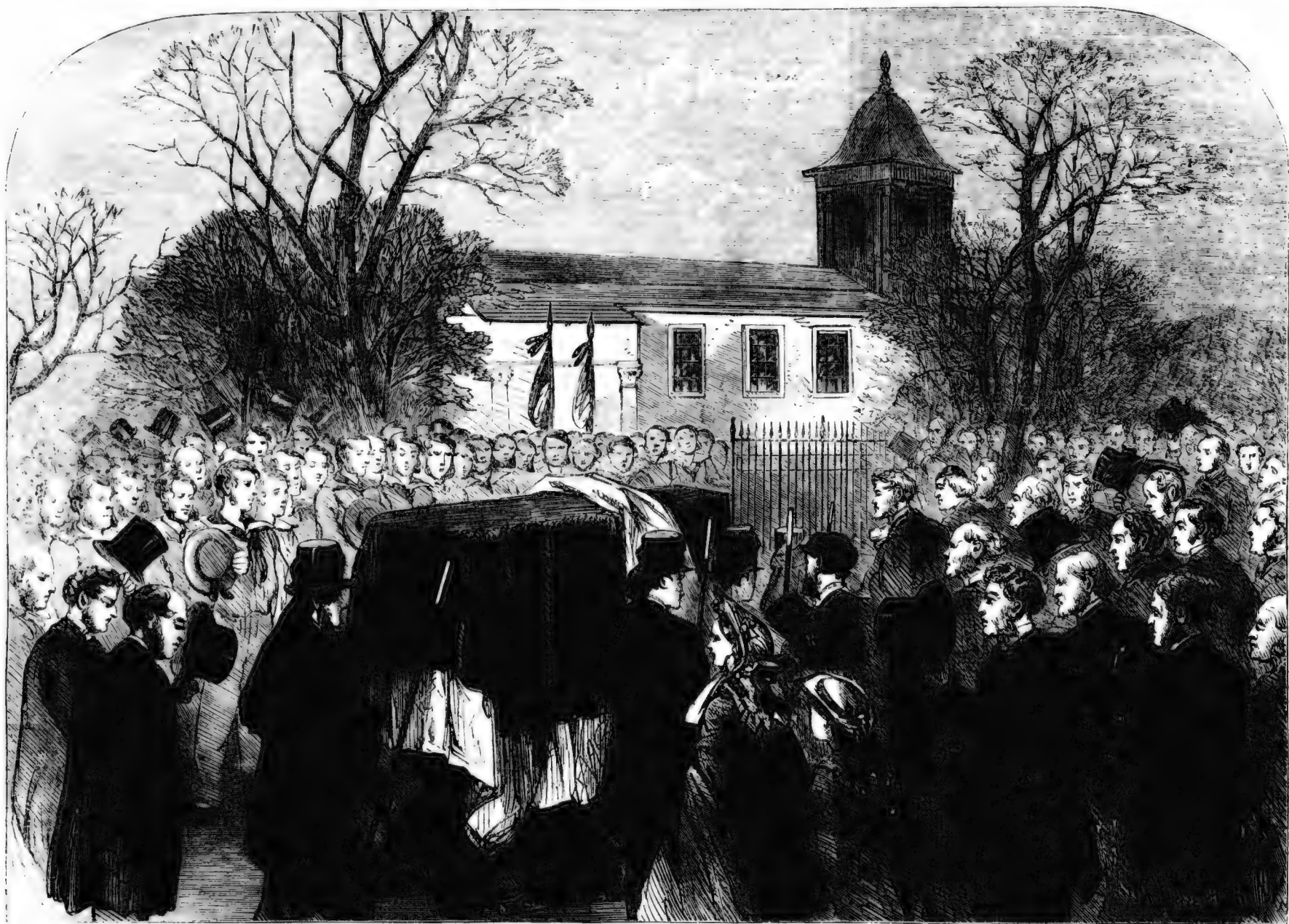
To fawning dogs sometimes I give a bone,
And fling some scraps to such as nothing had;
But in my hands still kept the golden gad
That served my turn.

The word "gad" is also applied to an ingot of steel. In "Moxon's Mechanical Exercises" we find the following:—"Flemish steel is brought down the Rhine to Dort and other parts, sometimes in bars and sometimes in gads, and is therefore called Flemish steel and sometimes gad-steel."

The word seems to have been used by Shakespeare to signify a stilus. In "Titus Andronicus" occurs the following passage:—

I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by. The angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad;
And where's your lesson then?

"To gad" is said to be derived from the gaddy, and signifies to forsake, to go, to rush out, to roam loosely and idly. There seems, however, to be no connection at all between the verb and the substantive.



FUNERAL OF THE LATE RICHARD GREEN ESQ., THE EMINENT SHIPOWNER OF BLACKWALL, AT TRINITY CHAPEL, POPLAR.



A ZOUAVE'S RUSE.--(FROM A PICTURE BY M. LE PITRE)

FUNERAL OF MR. GREEN, THE SHIPOWNER.

THE funeral of Mr. Richard Green, the extensive shipowner, whose death was mentioned in our last week's Number, took place on Saturday last. The most profound respect was evinced by all classes throughout Poplar and Blackwall. All the shops were closed. The bells of the various churches and chapels were tolled during the morning, and the flags on the shipping in the East and West India Docks, pierheads, and in the river were hoisted half-mast high. The ceremony partook of a public character. The streets were thronged with thousands of spectators, and the greatest order and decorum prevailed. The funeral procession left the residence of the deceased in Blackwall Dockyard, about a quarter to twelve. It included 100 men of the Naval Reserve; 40 cadets belonging to the Worcester training-school ship; 40 children of the Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum; 50 boys of the Bow-lane school (founded by the late Mr. Green); porters and clerks of the shipping-offices, deacons of Trinity Chapel, a large number of gentlemen (personal friends of the deceased), the trustees of the parish of Poplar, preceded by the beadle bearing the insignia of office hung with crape; churchwardens and overseers; and, lastly, the workmen employed in Blackwall-yard, seamen from the Homes, and from several ships in the docks. It was nearly one o'clock before the procession reached the place of interment, Trinity Chapel, East India-road, where the father of the deceased was buried. There an immense multitude was assembled. The Rev. Mr. Smith read the burial service, and at its conclusion the chief mourners left the ground, but a large assemblage lingered about the place for some time. It is proposed to hold a meeting in Poplar next week, for the purpose of adopting measures for raising a memorial in the neighbourhood to the memory of the late Mr. Green.

A ZOUAVE RUSE.

OUR Engraving, which is from a sketch depicting a scene of the war in Italy, represents one of those audacious attempts in which the famous Zouave pickets have frequently been so successful. Always preferring to conduct his part of the fighting on his own account, and being allowed more personal liberty of action than the regular infantry, the Zouave abounds in cunning devices, which are, in their way, as useful as the fiery courage with which he bounds to the attack.

The scene which we have engraved displays the method in which a Zouave, one of an outlying picket, disposes of an Austrian sentinel, upon whom he has stolen like a cat, and, after killing him, places his coat and hat upon a bush, so arranging them that they may deceive the two men who come to relieve guard, and, imagining that their comrade is standing watchful and immovable at his post, approach without suspicion. Another minute and one of them will be shot dead; the bayonet will make short work of the other, and the Zouave will count three enemies the less before he returns to his company.

CLEAN AND WHOLESOME BREAD.

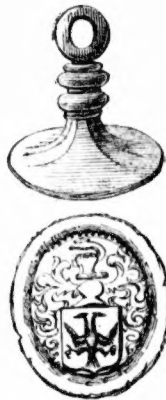
"EVERYBODY must eat a peck of dirt," says the coarse, homely proverb which acknowledges, if it does not excuse, the carelessness with which much of our food is prepared; and it has recently been shown that the inevitable peck has been entirely monopolised by some of the London bakeries, and introduced into the household loaf as one of the unavoidable consequences of the accepted method of preparing dough for the oven.

It is not a little strange that, in the midst of inventions and improvements which have affected almost the whole course of our daily lives, there should till lately have been scarcely any change in the art and practice of making the bread upon which our existence may be said in a great measure to depend.

The report made by Mr. Trevelyan to the Secretary of State, in reference to the condition of the journeymen bakers, involved other questions besides those of the severe labour and sufferings of the

journeymen bakers themselves. That report, and the evidence with which it was accompanied, exhibited facts in connection with the manufacture of our principal article of food which can only be described as loathsome, and disclosed secrets of the subterranean bakehouse which should call for immediate action, if not on the part of the Legislature, at least on the part of the bread consumers.

It may be safely asserted that very few of our readers have witnessed the operations of breadmaking, as conducted in those cellars above which we have most of us seen the paving-stones steaming in wet weather. Some of these, and



MILTON'S SIGNET-RING
SEE PAGE 75.

especially such as are situated in crowded neighbourhoods, are so full of abominations that only the voluntary testimony of the masters and journeymen bakers themselves could have been accepted in evidence. They state that "very many bakehouses in London are in a shockingly filthy condition, arising from imperfect sewerage and bad ventilation and neglect; and the bread must, during the process of fermentation, get impregnated with the noxious gases surrounding it. Many journeymen bakers in London sleep in the bakehouses, under the pavement. The sleeping-places, especially in the East-end of London, and some at the West-end also, are of the worst description, frequently in the basement of the building and under the stairs; plenty of them have no beds except in the bakehouse itself." Here, in a confined and vitiated atmosphere, these men and lads rest from almost unremitting toil, many of them contracting diseases which are entirely brought about by the severe labour, the constant inhaling of hot air and particles of flour-dust and the want of

GAD-WHIP USED IN
THE MANORIAL SERVICE
RENDERED AT
CAISTOR CHURCH.—
SEE PAGE 75.

necessary and healthy sleep. The kneading of the dough with the naked arms and hands, and the lifting it in large quantities from the troughs is such heavy work that those employed in this part of the business are known as moaners, on account of the sighs and groans with which their labour is accompanied. Much of the night work has been caused by the necessity for producing a batch of new bread for the morning's consumption, and the length of time necessary for preparing the dough by means of hand-kneading.

One of the small masters stated in his examination that he went to his shop twelve years before, and found it in a very bad state. He improved it "as soon as he could afford it." He had worked in many bakehouses in London which were "horrible for the men." It is the sulphur from the coal employed to heat the oven that, in his opinion, does them so much harm; "and as to perspiration dripping into the dough, why there's plenty of it."

In the reports on some of the London bakehouses visited in the course of the inquiry the details are still more disgusting, and many of them we can confirm by our own personal testimony. Close and unwholesome dens, the blackened rafters hanging with cobwebs and choked with soot and flour dust; the floor uneven with dirt and ashes; vermin crawling over walls and troughs; and the boards upon which the bread is about to be made covered with a sack and used as a temporary bed by one or more of the journeymen, with whom personal cleanliness is rendered almost impossible,—these are the conditions under which the principal aliment of the poorer neighbourhoods is, or till lately has been, supplied; and when to these is added the adulterations which have been resorted to in order to produce cheaper bread and to give the loaves a fictitious whiteness and consistency, it will be obvious that some distinct legislation is necessary for the public protection.

It seems probable, however, that an entire revolution in the baking trade will be effected by Mr. Stevens's machine, which, while it is most simple and complete in its character, will abolish all the loathsome accessories of the old system; produce bread of a greatly superior quality; and, by the rapidity with which it can be used, procure for the men an entire amelioration of those grievances of which they have so justly complained.

Mr. Stevens's bread-making machine has been for some time in use at many of our public institutions, prisons, hospitals, workhouses, and government establishments; and the testimonials which have been received, both from heads of departments and practical bakers, are sufficient to establish for it a claim to supersede all hand mixing and kneading. That the entire trade must soon recognise its advantages seems obvious, since it can be adapted in size to the production of any quantity of dough; it effects an immense saving in the finer parts of the flour which formerly blew off in dust; and has already been adopted by a number of the principal London bakers, who are anxious that their customers should know of the improved cleanliness effected in their bakeries.

The advantages to be derived from the use of the machines are apparent in the appearance of the bread itself, its superior texture—if we may use the expression—its perfect fermentation, and the entire absence, not only of the dirt which so frequently occurred in ordinary loaves, but of those small, round cakes of dry flour known to old housewives and the bakers of home-made bread as "slut's farthings."

For those who still adhere to the good old fashion of making bread at home, Mr. Stevens has produced family machines of various sizes and prices, adapted to the requirements of either small or large households, and greatly reducing the labour and trouble which usually attend "baking-day." These machines are equally efficacious for mixing the ingredients for buns, cakes, and pastry; and, with a view to encourage their use, Mr. Stevens has invented a portable iron and fire-clay oven, which, placed in front of the kitchen fire, will bake equal to a baker's oven.

The demand for the bread made by these machines at Mr.



VIEW OF STEVENS'S BREAD MACHINERY COMPANY'S BAKERY, RECENTLY OPENED IN LOWER-STREET, ISLINGTON.

Stevens's bakery at Cambridge-heath has led to the establishment, by Stevens's Bread Machinery Company, of other depôts in various parts of London. One of these, opened on Saturday last in Lower-street, Islington, and which we have thought worthy of illustration, will enable the public to see something of the new operation and its results. Leading from the shop, which is handsomely fitted with counters on each side, and ornamental iron shelves for receiving the loaves, is the bakehouse itself, descending by two or three steps, and easily seen through a glass partition. The machine, which is a large one, is worked by a steam engine, and consists of a large trough in which revolves a cranked axle fitted with curved blades, which pass through the dough at each revolution. The machine is at first driven at a rapid pace, which may be changed to a slow motion on the addition of the full quantity of flour, and so made to alternate (fast or slow) at the various points of the process, such as "breaking the sponge," finishing the dough, &c. The flour comes from a hopper communicating with the stores overhead, and falls into a closed receiver, from which it may be admitted to the mixing-trough, in any quantity required, by means of slides. The dough is dusted by means of a dusting-board, and the machine is supplied with a surrounding chamber for containing either hot or cold water, and so regulating the temperature as to produce a more perfect fermentation. As soon as the dough is mixed the trough is detached, and, if necessary, another substituted to receive a fresh batch while the first ferments. The troughs occupy places round the walls of the bakery, and are emptied by means of a "chuck-out," a sort of revolving scoop, which takes the place of the bladed axle, and thoroughly empties every ounce of dough. The machinery is so constructed that the interior of the troughs (which are of corrugated iron) and the blades never become clogged, but are kept clean by their own operation. At the back of the bakehouse the red-brick ovens and furnaces rise in two stories, the upper one reached by light iron staircases leading to a gallery; and above the bakehouse and ovens are the flour stores. The simplicity and cleanliness of the entire operation; the neat white dresses of the men; and the saving in inefficient and yet exhausting labour effected by these machines lead naturally to the public appreciation of the improvement which is observable in the bread which the several depôts of the company are intended to supply.

OPERA, CONCERTS, AND NEW MUSIC.

PANTOMIME still reigns supreme at Covent Garden, though from week to week it is expected that Mr. Balfe's new work ("Marie Tudor") will be brought out. Opera being, for the present, at a standstill in England, let us look abroad, where we find Vienna anticipating with a sort of horror the production of Wagner's endless "Nibelungen" (which work, when it does make its appearance, will take nearly a week to show itself), Naples delighting in the possession of Mlle. Titiens, and Paris already trembling for the approaching loss of Mlle. Patti. Mlle. Titiens' first appearance on any Italian stage (that is to say, on any stage in Italy) was eminently successful. She came out a fortnight ago at the San Carlo, in "Lucrezia Borgia," and created such a furore as it is seldom given to Germans to cause among Italians. Mlle. Titiens was recalled after each act and applauded in the most enthusiastic manner. Nevertheless, she is reported to be by no means satisfied. The company is wretched, the arrangements are bad, and, in short, the theatre, once the largest and most renowned in Southern Italy, has quite lost its character, and is now little better than a fourth-class opera-house. How different from the palmy days of the San Carlo, when Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache, Fodor, and Brambilla appeared in an opera written expressly for them by Rossini, and when Rossini himself conducted! And now it is to be hoped, for the sake of Victor Emmanuel and United Italy, that Mr. Hennessey, Mr. Maguire, or some other champions of the old Neapolitan régime, will not get hold of these facts and bring them before Parliament to prove that union with Sardinia does not give strength to Naples. Should either or all of them do so, it will not be out of place to inquire of him or them why "Massaniello," that "most Neapolitan of operas," was never played at Naples until last December; and whether its having been kept back can be reasonably accounted for by the somewhat revolutionary nature of the subject and plot? The performance of Auber's masterpiece at Naples is said to have been far from admirable. Nevertheless, the Neapolitans were delighted with it from a musical as well as from a political point of view.

"Patti!" exclaims the Parisian *Figaro*.
You are introduced to Patti, and find that she is a little girl of nineteen, who looks fourteen—a child who might have a doll, and knows nothing of life.
"Do you ever read the newspapers?"
"No; I never see them," she replies. "If there is anything nice, my brother reads it to me. If not, I don't hear of it."
"What do you read, then?"
"Thackeray, Dickens—nearly all the English authors."
"Do you like Paris?"
"Yes; but I like London better. The French are so changeable, I am told; whereas the English—"
"Well?"
"When once they have taken a liking to you it lasts for ever. I was much quieter in London; and if you only knew how fond I am of quiet. Here people talk so fast, and so much it confuses me."
"How can that confuse you—you who speak English, French, Italian, and Spanish equally well?"
"Not being accustomed to it, I suppose."
"But how do you amuse yourself in London?"
"I talk to Miss Alice, who is always with me."
"Well, Miss Alice is in Paris now, and is going with you to Vienna."
"Certainly; but—"
"I suppose you do not feel at home: that is what annoys you?"
"Exactly so."
"Shall you sing much at Vienna?"
"I don't know."
"How is that? Don't you know what your engagements are?"
"No, I never know. My papa arranges everything. As for me, they tell me I must start, and I start; they tell me to sing, and I sing."
"And Italy, when are you going there? It is not its fault that it is not your native land."
"Oh, I am very sorry I have not been there already. I shall be delighted to see Italy."
"And you, also, shall you not, Miss Alice?"

Miss Alice (says the *Figaro*) blushes, her blue eyes turn pale (!), then a smile appears on her face, thirty-two teeth glitter between her lips, and she murmurs (at last), "Oh yes, Sir!"

The above mode of depicting the character of the great singer of the day through an ordinary conversation well arranged, appears to us an immense improvement on the old-fashioned memoir. The *Figaro's* dialogue gives a much better notion of what Mlle. Patti is really like than any of Mr. Silvi's photographs. In future, when this method has become generally known, ladies of celebrity, instead of being asked to sit for their portraits to photographers, will be asked to talk for their portraits to writers, and the great art will be to make them talk characteristically and well, as in photography the great art is to get them into a good, characteristic pose.

Mlle. Guerrabella has made her debut at Philadelphia with great success, as Violetta, in the "Traviata."

The Songs of Scotland prior to Burns. With the Tunes. W. and R. Chambers.

If these songs were not "with the tunes," we should, of course, have nothing to say about them. At it is, we wish simply to call attention to the fact that Mr. Robert Chambers has here got together a very interesting collection of Scotch ballads, to which he has appended all the necessary historical annotations. The work is divided into three parts, the first containing "Historical Songs;" the second, "Humorous Songs;" and the third, "Sentimental Songs;" the last being the most numerous. Here and there the editor introduces a song which is either imitation Scotch, or, as some would maintain, not Scotch at all. Englishmen as a rule (with Mr. William

Chappell, however, as a remarkable exception) are only too careless about their national music; but Irishmen and Scotchmen never lose a national air if they can help it, and occasionally borrow a tune either from one another or from England. Mr. Chambers tells us himself, in introducing "Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town," that this ballad is "a noted example of those composed by English wits in imitation of the Scotch manner, and which was with little discrimination accepted as Scotch songs in Scotland. It is wholly of English origin; the verses by Thomas Duffey, and the air by Thomas Hook, elder brother of the celebrated wit, Theodore Hook." Mr. W. Chappell, in his "Popular English Music," mentions a number of reputed Scotch songs, and not a few Irish ones, which are undoubtedly of English origin; and an excellent writer in the *Musical World*, who confesses that he was in Ireland "years ago," claims for that country other songs which are usually given to Scotland. "Many," he informs us, "entertain a strong suspicion that no few of Caledonia's strains originated with the old Hibernian bards, two or three of whom found their way to Edinburgh, and died there, it may be said, in hand." This is evidently an Irish suspicion, and we should like to hear the Scotch accusation with which we are sure it will be met. It is satisfactory to think that if Boildieu regarded "Robin Adair" as Scotch, and Flatow "The Last Rose of Summer" as English, at least no one ever mistakes any English, Welsh, Scotch, or Irish tune for a foreign one.

Arion. By J. R. SCHACHNER. Duncan Davidson and Co.

This is a poetically conceived and artistically treated part-song for four voices, by Mr. Joseph Rudolph Schachner, the composer of the highly-successful oratorio of "Israel's Return from Babylon." The score, with arrangement for piano, may be had, or voice parts separately.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION FOR THE RELIEF OF THE DISTRESS IN THE COTTON DISTRICTS.

THIS exhibition, to which we briefly referred last week, deserves in every way the highest commendation. As an exhibition of the works of amateurs it is really entitled to the first rank; and as a noble effort to assist the suffering sons of hard labour, in which all the artistic talents of the aristocratic, the wealthy, and the charitable have conspired, it possesses a special interest. It is some years since we have had to notice any exhibition of the works of amateurs, and then the pictures were so few in number, and generally so insignificant in artistic merit, that the attempt at such an exhibition was gradually relinquished. It would seem now either that the love and practice of art have become immensely more in vogue amongst our upper ten thousand, which we are disposed to think is the case, or that the amateurs are more readily moved by the spirit of charity and benevolence than by the vainglory of appearing in public as rivals with the professional artist. At any rate, the main-spring of this exhibition will be found in the goodness of heart as well as the culture of an ennobling and elegant art, which have led to the contribution of more than eight hundred gifts of oil-paintings, water-colour drawings, etchings, crayon drawings, and other works of art in majolica, china, &c. Very great praise is due also to the committee who had superintended the collecting and arranging of these gifts, and those who have undertaken the no small labour of cataloguing them, for we may state that this work has been done by the amateurs much better than it is generally found to be done by professors. Some fair hands must have laboured early and late to complete the hanging of so large a collection in the short time of about three weeks, and in the two smaller rooms of the Suffolk-street Gallery. It is most gratifying to know that the promoters of the good object had no sooner displayed their offerings than they were met by crowds of purchasers, and on the private-view day nearly a thousand pounds' worth of pictures were bought—a result in some measure, no doubt, attributable to the moderate prices put upon them and the marking of every one with its price. Since then this sum has been considerably increased, so that the exhibition is doubly successful, in the important aid rendered to the sufferers and its attractiveness as an exhibition.

The water-colour drawings are the most noticeable, and of these are many in which originality and correct appreciation of natural effects make them very interesting. Following the order of the catalogue rather than any selection, we will point out some which attracted our notice. "Before the Morning Watch" (27), by the Rev. R. St. John Tyrwhitt. "Morning in the Gulf of Spezia" (29), by Captain Braekenbury, excellent for the natural atmosphere of the place—a point in which, difficult as it is to attain, has been more boldly attempted in Miss Caroline North's "Athens" in the morning mist (33). "Les Anceles, Island of Sark" (34), by P. Le Lievre, Esq., is a good study of slate rocks, and a pleasing view of this wild coast. Few better translations of an oil-picture by water-colour are to be met with than Mrs. Newton's of the Borgognone in the National Gallery, the Virgin and the two St. Catherines; it is really a valuable copy. "Near Cadenabbia, Bellagio in the distance" (48), by Miss C. St. John Mildmay, is a good drawing. "Listen" (56), by Miss H. O. Boddington—two ladies in a bower, one of whom lays down her guitar as she hears the first note of the nightingale in early spring—clear in idea and painted with considerable faculty, though with that want of study so often seen with plenty of facility. "Catherine Thinking" (96) is also a very clever sketch. The same cannot be said of Miss Lane's "Magnolia Blossom;" this is an admirable study. Miss Ewart contributes a very genuine and true bit of effect in "San Giorgio Maggiore," Venice (70). "A Stormy Shore" (77), by J. L. Hall, Esq., is a drawing as free in the handling and as full of movement as we could wish; the wild grey clouds, the foaming waves, and the rocky shore are given with a truth surprising by the modesty and absence of all exaggeration. Mr. Arthur Severn's "View of Villa Albani," Rome (78), is not so good, perhaps, as some out of his most liberal contribution, of which "St. Peter's, from the Banks of the Tiber" (508), struck us as a remarkably good drawing, where all are beyond the average of amateur efficiency. "The Dell, Windsor Park" (86), by Mr. Worsley, is a capital study of a group of beech-trees.

Mme. Bodichon gives six drawings, all full of interest, especially "Algiers" (116), and one remarkable for fine feeling and great power of expression. "Near Maentwrog, N. Wales" (191). "A Street in Tangiers" (91), by H. B. Brabazon, Esq., has the force of a sketch on the spot; and his studies from Velasquez are equally good for genuine truth of colour. "Eza, from the Corniche road" (106), and "Nice, from Villa Arson" (157), are two out of no less than eight very excellent drawings presented by Countess Grey. Mrs. Higford Barr, amongst other drawings, contributes a curiously minute study of a church (108). Mr. F. W. Dicey's two studies of Italian heads—"Carmine" and "Stella" (110, 123)—show considerable power of the Carl Haag school. A lifelike portrait, in crayons, of her Royal Highness Princess Louise of Hesse, by Mr. C. T. Newton, drawn expressly and by special permission for this exhibition, attracts much attention for the great resemblance it bears to her Royal Highness's lamented father.

Mr. R. P. Collier, Q.C., M.P., contributes two drawings, of which "The Wengern Alp" (125) is the more important one. "The Mill at Ambleside" (129), by Miss White, and "On the Road to Eaux Chaudes, Pyrenees" (134), by Miss Hudson, are drawings that deserve mention. "Ronda-Andalusia" (140), by Dr. Chambers, is remarkably bold, and full of the capital faculty of seizing the true character of a place. "A Sketch near Marseilles" (150), by Walter Severn, Esq.—the carts of the country loading at the seaside, with figures—is drawn with great verve and feeling for the picturesque.

Major Pelley sends a charming drawing of the "Puerta del Pardo, Seville" (174); and Mr. C. Kempe's "Black Gang Chine" is a drawing that will recall this famous spot in the Isle of Wight. Miss C. Jenkinson, like thousands who have seen the Matterhorn at sunrise, has felt the inspiration of the sight, and we must say that she has given us a most capital reminiscence of its beauty in her drawing of it from the Riffelberg (222). The two sketches of landscape, called "England and Italy," by T. Gambier Parry, Esq., are full of poetic feeling and touched with a rich and fervid

pencil. "Vigevano, Bay of Spezia" (498), by T. B. Aylmer, Esq., "Sailor Boy" (498A), by Hugh Carter, Esq., and "Eel Potting" (500) by Chisholm Gooden, Esq., are other noticeable drawings. Neither should be overlooked the small but very beautiful and original pen-drawing, by the Hon. Mrs. Boyle, of the "Nativity" (285), and the admirable etchings by Dr. F. S. Haden, "Entrance to Mytton Hall" (115) and "Egham Reach" (118). Mr. Ruskin, also, contributes some of his unique etchings in illustration of Turner's delicate forms of earth and sky. The copies of old masters by Mr. Berg deserve mention as the contribution of a foreigner sympathising with our national distress.

The professional artists have not been unmindful of the opportunity, although the exhibition was intended, we believe, specially as an offering of the amateurs, and they have contributed several extremely interesting works. Amongst them are those by Mr. Mulready, R.A., Mr. Stanfield, R.A., Mr. David Roberts, R.A., Mr. Cope, R.A., Mr. Edwin, R.A., Mr. Cooke, A.R.A., Mr. Millais, A.R.A., Mr. F. Lighton, Mr. F. Talford, Mr. L. W. Desanges, Mr. H. H. Lines, Mr. H. Weigall.

We have endeavoured to point out the most striking pictures, the work of amateurs, but many no doubt will be discovered which deserved a word of commendation equally well; indeed, we observed not one unworthy contribution in the whole collection.

"THE NEW GENERALISSIMO."

In an article under the above title our Conservative contemporary the *Standard* publishes the following extraordinary letter, addressed in 1851, by the editor of the *Times*, to Admiral Sir Charles Napier, then in command of the fleet in the Baltic:—

London, Oct. 4, 1851.

My dear Sir Charles,—I have been out in the Black Sea, where I witnessed the landing of the allied armies in the Crimea, or the two letters I found waiting for me should not have remained so long unanswered.

As a friend I am bound to tell you what perhaps no one else will have the frankness to write—that your conduct in the Baltic has caused extreme dissatisfaction to the Government and to the public, and has already gone far, very far, to tarnish your well-earned reputation. You know how unwilling I am to believe that you have done less than any other man could do; but I confess that your letters do not convince me that with so splendid a fleet you should be unable to do nothing more (sic in original) than the reduction of a petty fortress and the enforcement of a strict blockade. Of course there are difficulties, and great ones—of course the weather is not the most propitious; but the country, and especially your friends, have been taught to think that you were the man to overcome difficulties, and that such a steam fleet as you have was almost independent of wind and weather. Since you have gone out, too, everything has tended to demonstrate more than ever the hollowness of Russian strength.

Her best armies have been routed by a mob of Turks, and have recoiled before a paltry fort, after a siege in which they had exhausted all their strength and skill. Now, too, their own great fortress of the Crimea, which it was thought would require a regular investment and a prolonged siege, has been taken by assault within ten days after the troops had landed, their fleet burnt, and their army captured or destroyed. Do you think that after this the public will be satisfied with an excess of "discretion," which preserves your fleet, indeed, from all injury, but which leaves the enemy the same impunity? I assure you they will not; and the Government will be supported by the country in removing you from your command, if nothing more is done than you have yet attempted. In the profession, and among the officers of your fleet especially, your conduct is most severely condemned. They declare that Revel, Helsingfors, or Cronstadt itself, might have been long since destroyed; that you, thirty years ago, would have been the man to do it; but that now your nerve has failed you, and that you think of nothing but getting safe back to Portsmouth. I am sure there is no truth in this; but it is said everywhere; and the fact that, with so splendid a force, you alone find the Russians unassailable and invincible, when every one else, with much less means, defeats their armies and destroys their forts, is strong against you. For your own sake, then, and for that of your friends, who have so long supported you and asserted your claims, do make an effort, cease to find "difficulties"—any old woman can find them. Strike a blow which shall be worthy of your once great reputation and of the country, and eclipse, if you can, the glory of the capture of Sebastopol by the destruction of Cronstadt.

Unless you do something of the kind you are a lost man; you will return like Sir R. Calder, and perhaps some one of your subalterns will reap all the laurels you have failed to gain.

This, I know, is not pleasant to read, but it is the truth, and even Admirals should hear the truth sometimes. Pray believe it, and act so that your friends will not have to blush for you, and to hear even Dundas extolled at your expense. You have to choose between glory and disgrace, for the failure to achieve one will ensue the other.

I give you the best proof of my friendship in writing you this letter, and am, my dear Sir Charles, with sincere good wishes, very faithfully yours,

JOHN T. DELANE.

BLESSING THE WATERS OF THE NEVA.—A correspondent, writing from St. Petersburg on the 18th, says:—"This being the Russian Twelfthday, the ceremony of blessing the waters of the Neva took place. As usual, the character of the ceremony was as much martial as religious. The Imperial Guard mustered in full force, and the military schools were present. The noise of drums was mingled with chants from the church. The Emperor commanded in person, the whole of the palace square being covered with cavalry. The clergy left the palace for the river by the grand entrance, and peals of cannon from the fortress announced the moment when the holy cross was plunged into that part of the stream where the ice was broken for the purpose. Three nights before the Emperor and Empress gave their annual grand ball at the Winter Palace. Twelve hundred persons were present. Dancing took place in the Nicholas saloon, the windows of which look out upon the Neva, whose frozen waters reflected like an immense mirror the splendid illumination of the fete."

THE PRINCE CONSORT MEMORIAL.—Within the last few days Sir Charles Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy, and Mr. Cubitt, two of the committee of advice appointed last year to assist her Majesty in the choice of a design for the national memorial of the Prince Consort, have been engaged at Windsor Castle in making arrangements for the Queen's inspection of the designs, seven in number, which have recently been furnished by so many architects of known repute. St. George's Hall has been selected as the part of the castle best adapted for the purpose. This apartment is 200ft. in length by 30ft. in width, and 30ft. high; and the designs will be arranged on screens, so as to admit of their being seen in the best light and to the greatest advantage. The seven competing architects, placing their names alphabetically, are:—Mr. Charles Barry, Mr. Edward Barry, Professor Donaldson, Mr. P. C. Hardwick, Mr. Pennington, Mr. Scott, and Mr. Digby Wyatt.

ACCIDENTS FROM CRIMOLINE.—The catalogue of accidents from crimoline is becoming a large one. A few days ago Miss Mary Johnstone Gordon, on returning from a ball at Nice, went too near the fire, and her clothes caught fire. She rushed to her mother's room; both were speedily in flames, and were so severely burnt that they died in consequence within a few days.—On the night of Thursday week the clothes of Miss Burchell, daughter of the solicitor to the Metropolitan Railway, caught fire while the young lady was in her room preparing to retire to rest; and, though the flames were extinguished as speedily as possible, she had sustained such severe injuries that she died in the course of the following day.—On Friday night week, during the transformation scene of the pantomime, at the Princess Theatre, in which a great number of lights are employed, the dress of one of the ballet girls, Miss Hunt, caught fire.—Another of these young ladies, Miss Smith, rushed to her companion's assistance, and ultimately the fire was extinguished. Both the girls were so severely burnt, especially Miss Smith, that their lives are in much danger.

MUMMY WHEAT.—The *Presse Scientifique des Deux Mondes* contains, among other curious papers, a description of a series of experiments made in Egypt by Figari Bey, on the wheat found in the ancient sepulchres of that country, and which is generally known under the name of mummy wheat. Our readers may recollect a long dispute which occurred a few years ago as to what truth there might be in the popular belief, according to which this ancient wheat will not only germinate after the lapse of 3000 years, but produce ears of extraordinary size and beauty. The question was left undecided, but Figari Bey's paper, addressed to the Egyptian Institute at Alexandria, contains some facts which appear much in favour of a negative solution. One kind of wheat, which Figari Bey employed for his experiments had been found in Upper Egypt, at the bottom of a tomb at Medinet Aboo, by M. Schnepf, secretary to the Egyptian Institute. There were two varieties of it, both pertaining to those still cultivated in Egypt. The form of the grains had not changed; but their colour, both within and without, had become reddish, as if they had been exposed to smoke. The specific weight was also the same—viz., 25 grains to a gramme. On being ground, they yielded a great deal of flour, but are harder than common wheat, and not very friable; the colour of the flour is somewhat lighter than that of the outer envelope. Its taste is bitter and bituminous, and when thrown into the fire it emits a slight but pungent smell. On being sown in moist ground, under the usual pressure of the atmosphere, and at a temperature of 25 deg. (Reaumur), the grains became soft, and swelled a little during the first four days; on the seventh day, their turgescence became more apparent, with an appearance of maceration and decomposition; and on the ninth day this decomposition was complete. No trace of germination could be discovered during all this time. Figari Bey obtained similar negative results from grains of wheat found in other sepulchres, and also on barley proceeding from the same source; so that there is every reason to believe that the ears hitherto ostensibly obtained from mummy wheat proceed from grain accidentally contained in the mould into which the former was sown.

LAW AND CRIME.

WITHIN the last few days two cases of what is termed a "forcible entry" have been brought before metropolitan magistrates. One related to the well-known de-lolite houses in Stamford-street, Lambeth, which have for many years presented so remarkable an aspect of neglect. They are said to be the property of two elderly maiden ladies, who, for some unexplained reason, have allowed them to remain untenanted. A party of persons, apparently of a low class, effected an entrance, and held at bay the previous possessors by barricading the premises. One of the proprietors applied to the magistrate at Lambeth, who, after hearing the evidence, directed an indictment against the aggressors. In the other case a Miss Robinson, who imagines herself entitled to large property in Piccadilly, dispossessed of the premises by a party of persons, and the latter, in turn, against the ejectors. This was dismissed, the law upon the matter of forcible entry is somewhat curious. Anciently, it was thought that a taking possession by the strong hand was a justifiable means of asserting a title. But, as this led to frequent tumults and bloodshed, a statute of Richard II. prohibited such entry "on pain of imprisonment and ransom." By the 8th Henry VI., cap. ix, justices of the peace were entitled to restore the premises to the former possessor upon the finding of force by a jury. The plaintiff, if successful, is to be entitled to treble damages and treble costs. These statutes applied only to freeholds, and their powers were extended to leaseholds by the 21st James I., cap. xxv. Justices were also empowered to order restitution. Independently of these statutes, a forcible entry is indictable at common law. The distinction between the two remedies stands thus:—"At common law the prosecutor need only prove peaceable possession at the time of the entry, and, as he alleges no title, he can have no restitution; while, in an indictment on the statute, his interest must be alleged and restitution will be granted" (Dickinson's "Quarter Sessions"). The term restitution may be understood to mean compensation, as in both cases the restoration of possession follows conviction. The remedy is, therefore, not so doubtful, nor the statutes directing it so "rusty" as some of our contemporaries would lead us to believe. The case of "Rex v. Williams," in which the law was exemplified by a Court in banco in 1823, as well as numerous other cases, may be cited to prove that the statutes have been enforced in modern days. A forcible entry by more than three persons is also held to be a riot, and is punishable as such.

A third case relating to forcible entry came before the Queen's Bench on Monday last. In "Attack v. Bramwell" a verdict had been given for the plaintiff, with one shilling damages, upon proof of a distress effected by unlawful violence. The plaintiff moved to set aside this verdict on the ground of misdirection, inasmuch as the Judge (Mr. Justice Blackburn), in his summing-up, told the jury that although the entry was wrongful, still, as rent was due, they ought to take into account the satisfaction of such rent in the computation of damages. On the part of the plaintiff it was argued that he was entitled to the entire value of the goods distrained, as the entry was wrongful. The Court adopted this view, and decided that the plaintiff was entitled to damages equivalent to the full amount of that of the goods distrained.

An important point in reference to the law on embezzlement was decided on Saturday last in the Court of Criminal Appeal. John Hastie, secretary of the Doncaster Permanent Benefit Building Society, had been convicted for appropriating to his own use money paid by a member in discharge of a mortgage to the society. It was argued that such money had not been received by the prisoner in the discharge of his duties as secretary, as the directors were the proper parties to receive the amount, according to the rules. The Chief Justice, in delivering the judgment of the Court and affirming the conviction, said duties might be imposed upon a man, or he might receive money in the course of business, independently of the rules. An artful man might induce others to let him receive the money, and he could not excuse his conduct by saying he had no authority to do so.

Miss Fray appeared in the Queen's Bench on Tuesday last to support a declaration in an action, brought by herself and conducted in person, against Sir Colin Blackburn, one of the Judges of the Court, for damages sustained by her in consequence of a decision having been delivered by his Lordship adversely to her in an action by her against Mr. Vories, her former solicitor. The declaration was demurred to, on the part of the defendant, as disclosing no legal ground of action. Miss Fray persisted in arguing this question, and mentioned, as an argument in her favour, that King Alfred had once caused forty-four Judges to be hanged for having delivered unjust judgments. The Court held that the demurrer was good. The action, therefore, falls to the ground. Miss Fray has now, let us hope, completed her legal experiences. It may be remembered that she at first sued the Earl of Zetland, and, dissatisfied with her success, subsequently brought and lost actions against her own solicitor and counsel. It therefore only remained to sue the Judge, and this, as we have seen, has been now accomplished.

The curious conduct of the Bankruptcy Court as at present constituted does not appear to be brought before the public so vividly as might be. It is only occasionally, and in matters possessing some intrinsic interest, that the journals can afford space for reports of the singular scenes there enacted almost daily. Occasionally, however, the public is permitted to obtain a glimpse of the manner in which business is conducted at Basinghall-street. Some Granger, a baker, appeared last week before Mr. Commissioner Fane for an order of discharge. The liabilities were stated to be £2415, and the assets £690. Mr. Howard, solicitor for the assignees, asked for an adjournment of the examination *sine die*, on the grounds that bankrupt had not complied with a former order of the Court. He had "in six weeks succeeded in fleeing gentlemen in the Corn Market to the amount of £2000." The Commissioner, however, passed the examination, and allowed the discharge. Thereupon ensued the following colloquy:—

Mr. Howard: Your Honour grants the order of discharge without hearing me on the question of the bankrupt's conduct?

The Commissioner: Yes.

Mr. Howard: Then all I can say, with due respect to the Court, is, that it is monstrous.

Discharge allowed. No doubt it may seem hard upon merchants and tradesmen that the Bankruptcy Court regards with so lenient an aspect almost any kind of misdoing that can be made the subject of "proof" as debt. There may be a certain amount of eccentricity among the Commissioners and a certain manner which may not be pleasant to those who may unfortunately be compelled to endure it; but, after all, the unpopularity of the Bankruptcy Court is mainly due to a grave error in its constitution. It is exceptional in this way, that the judges (as the Commissioners are in fact) are called upon to fulfil the functions both of judge and jury; not only to decide upon the alleged guilt of prisoners, but to award the sentence. The new Bankruptcy Act was, no doubt, intended partially to meet this defect; but, if so, it has failed lamentably in practice in this respect. The office of a Commissioner, when fraud is charged upon a bankrupt, should be simply magisterial. The Commissioner ought to have only the power of committing the accused for trial by a jury in the ordinary way. So long as the powers of judge and jury are combined in one individual, that individual, if he does not exercise them tyrannically and cruelly, must fall into the opposite error of excessive leniency. The law as to fraud also requires some slight extension in order to meet the numerous cases in which dealers are defrauded of their goods, nominally under the excuse of credit, but really for no purpose beyond that of fraudulent sale by the purchaser, not for profit, but for mere subsistence, for the supply of extravagance, or for the staving off of old and pressing claims.

POLICE.

ATTEMPTED EXTORTION.—A case, somewhat similar to that in which the artist Colucci was concerned, occupied the attention of the magistrate on Tuesday. James Dale was charged with endeavouring to extort money from a Miss Dickinson by threatening to publish certain letters. The case was pretty clearly made out, but for the defence it was alleged that the prisoner was the victim of a conspiracy, and that the money alluded to was to be given to him to induce him not to oppose a bankrupt son-in-law of the mother of Miss Dickinson. The case was remanded, and the prisoner was admitted to bail.

UNPLEASANT FOR EMIGRANTS.—A respectable tradesman, from Draycot, in Wiltshire, came before Mr. Selfe, as he was about leaving the Court, and said he had engaged a passage in the ship *Peveril* of the Peak, bound to Australia, and lying in the East India Dock; and on calling at the office of Mackay and Co., in Leadenhall-street, he was informed that no passengers would be taken out in the vessel, and that he must remain in London until the 5th of February, and a passage would be provided for him in the *Roxburgh Castle*. He had travelled by van and railway 150 miles at a considerable expense. He went down to the ship that day with his luggage, in the expectation the ship would sail the next day, and was informed there was to stop for him. It was a very hard case upon him, and if he had to stop in London for ten days it would be attended with great expense. He understood other passengers were in the same position as himself.

Mr. Selfe said it was a most improper proceeding to advertise a ship to sail on the 25th of January which was never intended to carry passengers at all. Mr. Selfe then asked for the contract ticket, which was handed to him, and the magistrate read the principal sections of the Passenger Act. The applicant was entitled to subsistence money for ten days after the 25th of January, and at the end of that time the owners and agents of the ship must either provide him with a passage in a ship equal in all respects to the *Peveril* of the Peak or give him compensation.

The applicant said he had been offered 1s. 6d. per day, for ten days, until the *Roxburgh Castle* sailed; but he could not live and pay his lodgings in London for 1s. 6d. per day.

Mr. Selfe said 1s. 6d. per day was not enough, and advised the applicant to apply early on Monday morning to Captain Leam, R.N., the Government emigration officer, at his office, in Lower Thames-street, who would at once put him in the way of obtaining justice.

METROPOLITAN MARKETS.

CORN EXCHANGE.—The supply of English wheat on sale this week has been very moderate; and notwithstanding all kinds have changed hands slowly, prices are rather firm. Foreign wheat has sold slowly. In prices, however, scarcely any change has taken place. Floating cargoes of grain have ruled well quotations. Malt and barley has maintained its previous value, with a fair demand. Grinding and distilling sorts have ruled heavy. The malt trade has continued quiet, at late rates. There has been some inquiry for oats, and in some instances, prices have advanced 6d. per quarter. Both beans and peas have continued heavy. We have no change to notice in the value of flour.

ENGLISH CURRENCY.—Wheat, Essex and Kent, red, 42s. to 43s.; do, white, 41s. to 42s.; grinding barley, 21s. to 22s.; distilling ditto, 24s. to 25s.; malt, new, 32s. to 33s.; 1862, 31s. to 32s.; 1861, 30s. to 31s.; feed oats, 15s. to 16s.; pot & ditto, 24s. to 25s.; tick beans, 30s. to 31s.; grey peas, 31s. to 32s.; white ditto, 32s. to 33s. per quarter. Town-meal, 41s. to 42s.; country marks, 38s. to 39s.; town householders, 38s. to 39s. per 40 lbs.

CATTLE.—Only moderate supplies of fat stock have been offered, and the trade, generally, has been far from active, as follows:—Best, from 3s. 6d. to 4s. 10s.; medium, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 10s.; veal, 1s. 4s. to 1s. 5s.; and pork, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 10s. per 100 lbs. to sink the offal.

NEWCASTLE AND LEADENHALL.—The supplies of meat are good, and the trade rates moderate, at early late rates:—Best, from 2s. 6d. to 2s. 8d.; medium, 2s. 4d. to 2s. 6d.; and pork, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 10s. per 100 lbs. by the carcass.

TEA.—The demand for most kinds may be considered steady, at previous quotations. Advice from China states that the shipments to Great Britain had amounted to 5,915,976 lbs., against 5,914,560 lbs. in the same period in 1861.

GRAIN.—Scarcity of receipts has ruled inactive, and the value of interior kinds has been with difficulty supported. Refined goods have sold at 41s. 6d. to 42s. 6d. for common brown last year. The total stock of sugar is 91,661 tons, against 61,109 tons in last year. CUPPER.—The demand is generally steady, at full quotations. The stock is 1,007 tons, against 707 tons in 1862.

IRON.—Most kinds are a dull inquiry, at previous quotations. Stock, 82,559 tons, against 37,775 tons.

PROVISIONS.—The butter market is steady, at fully previous quotations. Bacon is rather dearer, with a good consignment inquiry. Waterford, on board, 5s. to 5s. 6d. per cwt. Most other provisions are at a slow sale.

TALLOW.—The demand is steady, and prices are well supported. P.Y.C., on the spot, 41s. 9d. for March, 41s. 5d. per cwt. The stock is 52,218 casks, against 47,572 ditto last year. Rough fat, 2s. 3d. per 100 lbs.

OLDS.—Lined oil, on the spot, is worth 43s. 15s. to 44s. Rape is selling at from 43s. 10s. to 44s.; olive, 43s. to 44s.; coconut, 45s. to 47s. 10s.; and fish oil, 43s. to 44s. per cwt. French, 100s. per cwt.

SPIRITS.—Rum moves off slowly; nevertheless, prices are supported. Pr. of Leeward, 1s. 5d. to 1s. 6s.; proof East India, 1s. 6s. to 1s. 7s. per gallon. Brandy is offering at from 3s. to 11s. 6d. Hambro sugar, 1s. 6d. to 1s. 7d.; English ditto, 1s. 9d. to 1s. 10d.; Ditto, 1s. 5d. to 1s. 6d.; and English grain, for export, proof, 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. per cwt.

RAY AND SUGAR.—Meadow hay, 41s. to 41s. 5d.; clover, 41s. 10s. to 42s. 10s.; and straw, 41s. 10s. to 42s. 10s. per cwt. G.O.S.—Best H.W. coal, 1s. 10s. to 1s. 11s.; second, 10s. to 11s. 9d.; Hartley's, 14s. 3d. to 15s. 9d.; and manufacturers', 13s. to 14s. per ton.

HOPS.—The market is far from active, yet prices rule steady:—Mid and East Kent, 10s. to 11s.; West of Kent, 9s. to 10s.; Kent, 8s. to 9s.; and foreign, 9s. to 11s. per cwt.

WOLLS.—Most kinds move off slowly, at about stationary prices.

POTATOES.—The supplies are good, and the demand is slow, at from 50s. to 15s. per ton.

MONEY OPERATIONS OF THE WEEK.

The Bank directors, on Wednesday, advanced the rate of discount from 4 to 5 per cent.

A large amount of gold having been withdrawn from the Bank of England for export to France, and the whole of the arrivals from America—£170,000—having been absorbed for the same destination, Home-bills have been somewhat heavy during the week, and prices have had a dropping tendency. Orders for transfer have been 9 1/2 p. c. Ditto, for 2 months, 9 1/2 p. c. Ditto, for 3 months, 9 1/2 p. c. Ditto, for 6 months, 9 1/2 p. c. Ditto, for 9 months, 9 1/2 p. c. Ditto, for 12 months, 9 1/2 p. c. Ditto, for 18 months, 9 1/2 p. c. Ditto, for 24 months, 9 1/2 p. c. Ditto, for 36 months, 9 1/2 p. c. Ditto, for 48 months, 9 1/2 p. c. Ditto, for 60 months, 9 1/2 p. c. Ditto, for 72 months, 9 1/2 p. c. Ditto, for 84 months, 9 1/2 p. c. Ditto, for 96 months, 9 1/2 p. c. Ditto, for 108 months, 9 1/2 p. c. Ditto, for 120 months, 9 1/2 p. c. Ditto, for 132 months, 9 1/2 p. c. Ditto, for 144 months, 9 1/2 p. c. Ditto, for 156 months, 9 1/2 p. c. Ditto, for 168 months, 9 1/2 p. c. 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